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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

APRIL 4, 1994 \$2.95

# Maclean's

## REBEL WITH A CAUSE

.....  
*How power  
is changing  
Sheila Copps*





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# Maclean's

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## ANOTHER VIEW



# Big Brother made respectable

BY CHARLES GORDON

On a Friday afternoon, a lady goes in to one of those big chain video stores. His goals are limited. He doesn't want to rent the newest Hollywood blockbuster. He wants to rent *The Naked Gun 2½ 1/2* (not for himself).

There's no neighborhood store, but it is on the way home from work, and it is so big that it must have at least half a dozen copies of *The Naked Gun 2½ 1/2* (not for himself), so he drifts his way into the congested parking lot and goes inside, where he quickly finds the movie and sends it to the counter.

There, he finds a membership application, which he knows is a mere formality, which is why he left his rental places in the car. Reading the large type as best he can, he sees that the video rental company wants his name, address, home and work phone numbers, driver's license or passport, credit card number and expiry date, name of employer and social insurance number.

Social insurance number? The clerk says not to worry about the social insurance number. It's just there because the form is made up in the United States.

Oh, right. The United States. The guy turns the card over and sees a lot of type that he can't read without his glasses. He puts the movie back on the shelf where he found it, shoves the form into his pocket and leaves.

At home, he reads the rental type under which he was to put his signature as a card to engage in \$2.99 movie rental transactions. In the small type, he would have acknowledged that he had read the Terms and Conditions of Membership, which the company could amend at any time without notice. He would also have agreed that the company could pursue all avenues of collection, including collection agencies, as well as proper and subsequent credit card charge slips if unable to recover unpaid amounts.

The second line he is to agree to, in addition to handing over address, phone numbers, social insurance number (optional) and name of employer, just to rent a movie for a few dollars every now and then. But the store had been full of customers, hadn't it? And the customers must have filled out the form, signed over all that information and they weren't complaining.

*All over North America, people are being asked their phone numbers, addresses and, for all we know, signs of the zodiac*

Why not? Maybe they were just used to it. Stores were getting to be like governments. They had computers and were forever putting stuff into them. There was hardly a place you could go nowadays to buy something without handing over personal information. At the dry cleaners, the first thing they asked a guy for when he put a muddy overcoat on the counter was his telephone number. When he told them, they punched some buttons on the computer and said "Mr. Gordon?" Which they could have done without punching any buttons at all, just by asking him his name.

But computers have telephone numbers. The guy began to think of the number of moves and departments of government that had his telephone number. What if they all decided to call him? Would he ever get any sleep? Would the people offering carpet cleaning demonstrations be able to get through?

At another chain store a few months before, he had attempted to purchase a movie battery. One nine-volt battery, the label said in transistor radios. He took it to the counter. This nine-volt battery had cost about \$4.95, and paid cash. When he handed over the cash, the man behind the counter asked him phone number. The guy, polite and agreeable as always, gave it. The man behind the counter punched the number into the computer and then asked for the home address of the guy who was paying cash for a \$4.95 nine-volt battery.

The guy said "Wait a second. You don't need my address?" And, of course, he was right. He paid his money, withheld his address and departed with the battery. The store didn't need the address. The store was just used to asking for addresses and its customers were used to giving them.

All over North America, people are being asked their phone numbers, addresses, employer's names and, for all we know, signs of the zodiac. And they are handing them over, uncomplainingly. Why is that? Are we just the same people who used to worry about invasion of privacy, about the influence of Big Brother?

It has something to do with the computer and our attitudes towards it. Businesses before the computer with present customers by keeping down all customers they had if they just put their numbers into the computer, they will never have a problem with stores not trusting them.

Amazing. We have all seen computers send out cheques in the wrong amount. We all know how the computer's making laws allow 10 separate kind-meaning letters to land in our mailboxes on the same day from the same charity. And we all know that computers are only as smart as the people who push the buttons or train. Yet somehow we trust them.

That may be because we have to trust something, government and religion having failed. And computers look smart—the way they make numbers and letters appear on the screen, the way they make little scrolling beeps when you do something wrong, the way they know it's wrong when you don't.

It follows then that to be in the computer is a form of personal validation. It means that we amount to something. How else to explain, for example, the rush into the so-called computer superhighway by many an ardent pundit, poet and movie critic. Those familiar with the information flowing through the computer would say much of it is reminiscent of what used to be seen in teenage fan magazines. Only now it is in the computer. It is respectable.

That may be the reason we aren't complaining about all the stuff the computer wants to know about us. Rather than complain, we can't wait to tell the computer everything. It is too bad that it has come to this, but there is no denying it. In a dehumanized age, only the computer knows who we are.

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of Ontario-made products, as they said. As he observes: "We would send the money out and it would come back. Everybody would feel that they're unique and send in their checks. The economic logic of that has collapsed."

Ontario's inaction could have dire consequences for other provinces. Ontario could demand cuts to the current transfer arrangements. Pushed to the wall, it could even collect its own personal income taxes—and destroy Canada's economic union. "That 20-cent-on-the-dollar stuff with CDT is wiping the integrity of the entire transfer system," warns Quebec's Treasury economist Thomas Courchesne. "Ontario had better do something, because if Ontario starts answering and starts to flex its muscles, it can wreak absolute havoc on the whole transfer system. If this isn't sorted out, the poorer provinces are going to lose out on what Ontario is going to lose."

In the end, Ontario and Ontario's people will be only as good as the rest of the country. Both governments must curb the social safety system. But such reform is probably impossible unless federal unemployment insurance and provincial welfare schemes are reformed in tandem. As well, both levels of government must agree before Ontario's education, health and social services, and the provincial sales tax can be combined to a new national sales tax to encourage economic efficiency. It is any day



Harms: 'we have a spending problem'

imagine the eventual trade-offs. Ontario supports social policy reform in return for a larger share on CDT funding. Ontario funds Ontario's welfare agencies as return for co-operation in the national sales tax. If Ontario and Ontario do patch up their differences, it may come too late to avoid the embargoed tax, whose HST consumed only 10 per cent of federal support in the latest

election poll, published last week, compared with 60 per cent for the Liberals and 21 per cent for the Tories. Although both opposition parties support HST and for a more capitable deal with Ottawa, they also contend that it has badly mismanaged the province's finances. "We don't have a revenue problem, we have a spending problem," Tory leader Michael Harris said. "The premier's last week. Added Liberal finance critic Gerry Phillips: "Bob Rae should stop trying to pass the buck to someone else."

The premier maintains that Ontario taxpayers instinctively understand and support his campaign for fair treatment. Others are not so sure. Observes pollster Michael Adams, president of Economics Research Group Ltd. in Toronto: "Other than

dislike see governments fighting each other, they are basically seeing one level of politicians whom they don't have a high regard for throwing mud at another level of politicians whom they don't have a high regard for, and they wish a piece on all their bosses." The premier can only hope that the economy recovers, the welfare bills abate and Ontario passes the buck to his state. □

## Quebec's family feud

Bouchard and Parizeau endure a prickly partnership

On the face of it, they are a team, the powerful combination that may yet lead Quebec to independence. And to the untold eye they work easily in tandem, like the well-oiled parts of the same political machine: that while the Bloc Quebecois in Ottawa and the Parti Quebecois back home in Quebec may be travelling the same road, they do not always share the same view of the best way to reach the ultimate destination. The two organizations are, in fact, evolving quite differently. Contrary to the carefully nurtured public image, they are not all ways comfortable in each other's company. And nowhere is that more evident than in the increasingly prickly relationship between Bloc leader Lucien Bouchard and the man at the helm of the PQ, Jacques Parizeau. "I don't think they've ever liked each other very much," says one insider who knows both men well. "But what's becoming clearer is that they don't really trust each other much either."

It has never been an easy association. The means are straightforward: revolving around



Parizeau's corner, but coal, relations

the compelling fact that Bouchard remains the most obvious candidate for Parizeau's job. Over since he quit René Lévesque's cabinet in 1990 and became a passionate advocate of the separatist cause, Bouchard has consistently maintained an overwhelming lead over Parizeau in popularity among both the PQ rank and file and Quebec voters at large. The issue has always molded Parizeau, creating their destiny. Until recently, however, both the Bloc leader and the PQ chief managed to bury their private differences in the interests of public solidarity behind the outward objective of winning sovereignty. "Neither wants to be remembered in history as the individual who sent that wind called Quebec's last—and best—chance for independence," says University of Montreal political scientist Stéphane Dion.

As long as the goal remained within sight, Bouchard and Parizeau were able to maintain the fiction of a well-oiled, smoothly running separatist team. But now that David Johnston's Liberal government has caught up with the PQ in the polls and threatened the separatist Quebec election into a real home run, there is a growing rift between the two men. The rift is growing between separatist forces in both Ottawa and Quebec as the prize may be slipping from their

## 'WE ARE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT'

During 30 years as Ontario's premier, Bob Rae has dramatically departed from the example of his predecessors, most of whom equated Ontario's interests with the national interest. Instead, Rae has spoken out forcefully against what he calls "federal discrimination" against his province. Rae captured his vision in an interview last week with Montreal's *Cinequatre* editor May-Jeanne Escroff.

**Maclean's:** How would you describe Ontario's financial situation today?

**Rae:** This is the first recession in which this province has been hit. You are on your own in terms of the support from the federal government. Politically, it has been very easy for people to blame the HST or to blame Bob Rae for the fact that Ontario's deficit went up, that the reality is that there is a very simple explanation: our deficit would be dramatically lower if we had not had the Liberal's cap on the Canada Assistance Plan and the cumulative effect of all the other aspects of federal discrimination. The rest of the country has always felt that Ontario is so far that there is nothing to worry about. But our levels of care

are just as high as they are anywhere in Canada and the level of services and change has been quite severe. The contrast behind Canada has been that we will support other provinces and, in fact, all provinces will be treated fairly. We feel that the contrast has been broken in a very fundamental way.

**Maclean's:** What are your options? **Rae:** We faced the question: do we simply pass on this discrimination to everybody else? The more reasoned view that we are would like it to be and it is going to take time to get it down to a way that I say I am not Alberta Premier Ralph Klein. We can't get out of the deficit trap as quickly as we would like because the game that we would inflict on the economy is simply too severe.

**Maclean's:** What kind of strain does Ontario's approach place on its citizens? **Rae:** It contributes to less prosperity. And you have to run Canada on the basis of economy. I don't think that you can have a strong country if people's sense of pride and province is so great that they feel to see the bigger picture. The economic

promise of Canada was originally that you had high tariffs. Ontario's interests would be protected. Now, none of us are protected because of free trade. So the economic forces that will lead to regionalization and split the country apart will become more significant. The sense of the country having a national economy and national social programs will become much, much more difficult unless we address this collectively.

**Maclean's:** But where is the money going to come from?

**Rae:** We need a national approach in which everyone's cards are on the table. Programs do need to be restructured. In a sense, you are going to have to reinvigorate Canada because a lot of the programs that were there have gone. The country needs a new social contract that is truly affordable, but that is also generous and effective and involves everyone. When you look at Ontario's financial situation, when you look at the financial situation across the country, there is a new problem that can say, "We do this all as our own. We can afford to do whatever the hell we want." We are all in the same boat. And that is the sense that the country has to redevelop. I would like nothing better than to have the federal government as a true partner.

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## CANADA

group. And as a result, the underlying tensions between Parizeau and Bouchard have bubbled to the surface. In both separate parties, there are private rumormongers that Parizeau has upstaged the PQ's once commanding lead in the polls through his stout exterior, lecturing tone and dramatic punctuations (or striking precisely the wrong note in public situations). For example, he recently eluded his handlers by speculating that a referendum on independence could be held as soon as two months after a PQ election victory.

Bouchard shares that distinctly unfavourable view of Parizeau, according to close associates. "Louis sometimes feels like he's trapped in the shadow of a motorcycle driven by Parizeau," confides one intimate of the Bloc leader. "Every time Jacques heads for another cliff, he's forced to sit there quietly, innocent on the dirt life and innocent in the best." Bouchard certainly has good reason to be wary of ruffling Parizeau. He has been reprimanded in the past for expressing sentiments at variance with Parizeau's views. When Bouchard voiced his agreement with former Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa's call for a loose political "re-structure" (readily similar to that of the European Community to manage relations between Canada and Quebec, he was summoned to Parizeau's Ontario home for a stern lecture. And when Bouchard declared his support for the United use of English or Quebec signs, he was privately chastised by the PQ leader. In private, the two leaders' relations are correct but decidedly cool. They address each other in French with *vous* rather than the more intimate *tu*. They never use first names: it is invariably "Monsieur Bouchard" and "Monsieur Parizeau." In recent weeks, party leaders have even taken pains to avoid being the pair together at public functions, separately because Bouchard gets all the media attention, eclipsing Parizeau. When a joint appearance is inescapable, he scooped either this month at the election convention, meeting of PQ vice-president Bernard Landry in his suburban Montreal riding. Bouchard is pointedly not called upon to speak Parizeau, say Bouchard loyalists, deem that applause for the Bloc leader will drown out his own cheers.

But of the two, it is Bouchard's position that is the more delicate. "The Bloc is under a peculiar onus of the reputation he acquired in some quarters as a man at his decision to abandon his old friend and mentor Mulroney." He cannot afford to be seen as betraying an earlier colleague," notes a close associate. For the recent, somewhat distant suggestion of a wedding rift between Bouchard's Bloc and Parizeau's PQ "There are no obvious tensions between us," claims Landry. "As a matter of fact, it is so crucial that the relationship be perfect that we take great care to make sure that any problems that do arise are quickly resolved." It is that is true, both the Bloc and the PQ have some work to share. For judging by the multiple signs, relations between the two are troubled at best.

BARRY CANE in Montreal

# Canada NOTES

## A CHALLENGE TO THE CBC

CBC executives appearing at a controversial hearing before the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission endured a tongue-lashing from CRTC chairman Keith Spence. Claiming that the CBC had ignored audience preferences by refusing to do anything to reverse a nearly decade-long decline in ratings, Spence warned that "this is the path to oblivion." CBC president Tony Morin responded that the Broadcasting Act compelled the network to provide a range of programming, and that 80 per cent of Canadians still tune into its service at least once a week.

## WATT LOSES POST

Liberal Senator Charlie Watt lost his bid for re-election to a third consecutive term as president of Mexico, the corporation that administers the political and economic affairs of the 7,750 island of northern Quebec. Watt lost by a vote of 1,000 to 1,203 to his brother-in-law, Jeanne Holmstrom. Watt blamed his defeat on an article in the March 28 issue of *Maclean's*, which raised questions about his activities as a senator, political leader and businessman in the north.

## REFORM'S BACKTRACK

The Reform party abandoned plans for an ambitious ethics code for its MPs after several members bristled at what they saw as interference in the way they conducted their personal lives. But the party still intends to establish an ethics committee with the power to investigate any members whose behavior is deemed to be having an "adverse effect" on their parliamentary performance.

## SILENCING DEBATE

Over the objections of Quebec Quakers and Reform nays, the Liberal government invoked a form of closure to cut off debate in Parliament on a bill that will suspend for two years the constitutional committee's priority program of reviewing the boundaries of federal ridings across Canada. Many Liberals were convinced that the changes would split up constituencies with racial, political and social links.

## 'AN EVIL CRIME'

A 48-year-old woman who diagnosed herself as a nurse in order to lisp a five-day-old baby from a Burlington, Ont., hospital in December was sentenced to seven years in prison. Describing the kidnapping as "an evil crime," Judge Patrick LeBlanc said he hoped the stiff sentence on Karen House would deter other would-be evil kidnappers.



**AT LOGGERHEADS:** more than 35,000 loggers and their supporters descended on the British Columbia legislature in Victoria to protest a provincial land-use plan that would scale back logging on Vancouver Island by about six per cent and eliminate about 900 forestry-related jobs. Premier Michael Harcourt promised the crowd that he would not impose the plan without providing compensation for those who lose their jobs.

## Reweaving the safety net

With a mixture of optimism and caution, federal Human Resources Minister Lloyd Axworthy and New Brunswick Premier Frank McKenna unveiled a joint job-creation plan that they said could provide a working model for redesigning the country's \$70-billion network of social programs. Under the plan, to be known as the N & B Job Corps, 1,000 unemployed workers in New Brunswick between the ages of 50 and 65 will receive a statement guaranteeing annual income of \$32,000 in exchange for at least six months of community work, including such tasks as cleaning up beaches, planting trees and assisting in local libraries. Unlike other social assistance or unemployment insurance recipients, the 1,000 participants—all of them volunteers—will be able to work at other jobs as well without having to forfeit any of their Job Corps benefits.

Speaking to reporters in Ottawa, McKenna described the new five-year, \$80-million job-creation scheme as an extension of an existing provincial model program that provides training for people who collect social assistance benefits. But he was careful not to sell the plan as a panacea for unemployment in the province—which currently stands at 23.1 per cent. "This program represents a building block, not a solution in itself," said McKenna. "It's another building block in a multipronged approach to try and provide work and a life of dignity for our citizens."

Axworthy was similarly guarded about what he described as the first of several pilot projects that will play a part in reweaving Canada's social safety net. He noted that the New Brunswick program is aimed at areas of high seasonal unemployment, and will only be applicable where similar conditions exist in other parts of the country. Axworthy first announced the plan in 1994, but it took a year to get the program off the ground. "We're not going to solve all the problems just by Job Corps."



After nine years on the attack, Sheila Copps is learning the lessons of power

# Rebel with a cause

BY MARCI McDONALD

As her navy blazer billows around her outside the arrival lounge at the Ottawa airport, an elegant jetting, a handsome civil service chauffeur holding the door, Sheila Copps, fresh off the plane from Hamilton and an early morning speech, climbs into the back seat where an aide waits to brief her on the way to Parliament Hill before Question Period. Once she resigned over that massive daily television scandal in space of the party's flat back, the Liberals' most feared foe, who threatened Brian Mulroney and his government for nine years with her high-decibel denunciations, her Passage of the Week awards and queries that cut straight to the heart of hypocrisy. But these days, she finds herself on the other side of power—and the questions. As minister of the environment, she must brace herself for others to do unto her what she built her reputation doing unto the former regime. And all the more so on this day when Prime Minister Jean Chrétien has stayed in Shawanigan, Que., leaving her to sink or swim in her new role as deputy prime minister.

For Copps, the tide ought to provide sweet revenge. After all, wasn't it Mulroney who branded her "shrill Sheila" and refused to take her seriously? Now she races up to a spacious fifth-floor corner office in the Centre Block, where he spent the sunny days of his political life, after being replaced by Ron Campbell. During the election campaign, Reform party leader Preston Manning listed five reasons not to vote Liberal—one being the prospect of Sheila Copps as deputy prime minister. Now Manning's office is next door to hers and she delights in swiping past it on her way to do battle in the Commons two floors below. Matched slivers through her eyes as she recounts can hardly left and right: "I wanted to jump up in the House the first day, and say 'See, Preston, your worst nightmare has been realized!'"

But these days, Sheila Copps holds her tongue. Well, at least for the most part. It is a lesson she learned the hard way. In early December, when Chrétien disappeared for a polling holiday to Florida and his office initially refused to divulge his whereabouts, the press passed up her. Finally, one reporter threw out the bait: *Does that mean nobody's at home?* Copps walked straight into the trap. "I'm running the government," she said. "I'm here as deputy prime minister. I claimed the cabinet today and as terms of offices that are going to be missed. I'm in full control."

She woke up to headlines the next day portraying her as



crossed with power, was columnist dubbing her "the AG Hag of Canada." That reference was to the assassination attempt on Ronald Reagan in 1981, when his first secretary of state, Alexander Haig, rubbed a frost of the TV cameras with unnecessary haste to declare that he was in command—an assertion to which vice-president George Bush did not take kindly. But Copps had been owner of Haig's gaffe. At the mention of his name, she faced herself at an uncomfortable loss for words. "People joked about it for weeks," says one key Ottawa Liberal. "She didn't walk in and say, 'I'm in charge.' But because it became such a joke, it was clear people weren't that comfortable with that notion."

In fact, what seems clearest about the incident is that, in the current charged climate of social politics, the forty-four-year-old

Copps, with Chrétien after being sworn in last November (left); second is unnamed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY [unreadable]





up from Hamilton East has become the latest national lightning rod for the pervasive ambivalence about women in power. From speculation on the real motives behind Jim Campbell's disaster at the polls to the current attacks on Hillary Rodham Clinton as the evil queen behind her husband's Whitewater scandal, the jokes and transmutations have been flowing fast and furious.

Even the *Liberalist* went into power last October, scarcely a field more than a year old, with some curious language: the appointment of the politician whose wife, at least, has made her the most powerful woman in Ottawa, in one week alone, copyrighted by any event or utterance. *The Globe and Mail* ran a caricature proposing a new Olympic event—"the Stella Coppo bachelorette run 10 miles and shout your mouth off"—while Toronto Star cartoonist Peter Fikseland featured an uncensored comic bookman fantasizing that Great Lakes pollution was causing refined penis pain. "There at the ministry of the environment," reads the Coppo look-alike, "we call it the Bachelorette Effect."

Ironically, these barbs came at a time when there have never been more women in the Commons—53 out of its 395 seats, nearly a third more than in the last Parliament. Coppo—who fills in for Chrétien five weeks while he vacations—points out that the Liberal women's caucus of 38 MPs and four senators also boasts as many members as the entire party did when she arrived in Ottawa after the Mulroney landslide in 1984. In those days, her fearless and unbridled tongue made her the chief headline-catcher of the rambunctious handful of young MPs who kept the party on the map. It was a calculated strategy, and she shouldered her rebel role with gusto, even posing for a 1985 *Saturday Night* magazine cover in black leather on the back of a Harley Davidson. But public image that once served her—and the party—so well now threatens to hold her in prison. "She's never really been a power," says former Ontario premier David Peterson, whom she challenged for the 1988 provincial Liberal leadership. "You can be an incredibly loudmouth member of the Opposition that just demonstrates the government all the time. But the flip side of that is, will the actual exercise of power change her?"

Maclean Bogen, who was appointed minister of revenue under Pierre Trudeau in 1970, warns that it must. "It's one thing to be powerful in Opposition; it's another to be powerful in power," she says. "In Opposition you can be individualistic in a way that is totally lost in power."

Nobody is more aware of that leap than Coppo. Typically, she sticks to one of the rules she set out for prospective women candidates in her 1984 book, *Woman's Day: Never look back*. She warns of the accident as "nobody's target, a target as a target." But she comes with a knowing smile. "I don't think it's the kind of question that would have been asked of a man."

In Coppo's three-room office suite, where her own quirky class looted into its already neat government-made-out, the minister of the environmental studies between desks in the final minutes before Question Period. A Michigan radio station has reported that, with approval from the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, Detroit Edison is ready to dump 1.9 million liters of radioactive waste water into Lake Erie from its disintegration Fermilab nuclear plant. She scribbles to call the U.S. Embassy and her staffers across the river at diplomatic headquarters in Hull, Que., marshaling the facts. Finally, the old bloodshot seems to be rising, the sense of moral outrage that was her Opposition accession—and her connection to Trudeau. Back at her back bench, she would have leaped to the case. Sparks would have flown across the House floor. But suddenly there is a sense of satisfaction as she sees herself at Coppo marches down to Question Period brand to play defense—to keep a lid on the issue and the Opposition position on it.

"That psychological transition is a real challenge for a born crapper," Bogen knows what it did as well as she. "I guess I'd be doing a good job if I have everybody and at me," she says. And by her wife's *Globe* "No Confidence," she seemed to on her way. She had warned business groups with warnings of upcoming curbs on



coal, oil, and gas to reduce the greenhouse effect, and suggested both Europeans and environmentalists by declaring that "a lot of people in the European community are using the green argument of Greenpeace to make green backs." In fact, all winter she seemed to be forwarding down the quadrant to environmental activists by an absolutely wearing a black leather coat framed with "I'm pro," she shrugs. "It's a reversible resource. Two always said, if people are vegetarians I appreciate their views. Otherwise, if you wear leather shoes or a leather belt, it's a deer."

By the end of her committee testimony, Reform critic Myron Thompson has invited her to his next Alberta riding and wished her luck in "this horrendous trial." Even Coppo herself seems amazed by the verdict. Still, that warmth had not been accidental. Earlier, she had met with Opposition critics, inviting them to contribute to the shaping of her agenda—a standard tactic of consensus-



Coppo with former Liberal leader John Turner (center) and the Rat Pack's Brian Tishie, Sam Donato and John Newton, 1985; posing for *Saturday Night* (below); with six-week-old Danielle (top left); fearless outfit and no softened tongue

## "See, Preston, your worst nightmares have been realized!"

On a deputy prime ministerial day such as this, she rises from the seat beside Chrétien's and sticks back her neck rebelliously to Reform and Bloc Québécois allegations with effortless and stonewall defiance the government's pain plan. But Coppo, it seems like the so much child's play—and a lot less fun. Outside, in the corridor, reporters know she is still good for a quote. But her sound bites have become standard slightly awkward from the de rigueur defense of the new status quo. "It's fascinating," says an adviser to Finance Minister Paul Martin, who would be Coppo's chief rival to succeed Chrétien. "I've never seen her so quiet." And some longtime supporters worry whether power will make her—a constant she shares. "I hope I don't get bored in goldfishbowl," she says.

Later that day, at her first appearance before the standing committee on the environment, she invites Opposition critics to take her on. But not a single hostile question surfaces. Unwilling to play the "greening" of Environment Canada—including a switch to ethanol for the departmental fleet, beginning with her own ministerial Black-and-blue program extending the process to every government branch under a new environmental audit general. "I guess I'd be doing a good job if I have everybody and at me," she says. And by her wife's *Globe* "No Confidence," she seemed to on her way. She had warned business groups with warnings of upcoming curbs on

was building that they had never expected from the media storm known as "the mouth that roars." In fact, after her first day in the new Parliament, a Reform MP approached her from across the aisle, uninvited. "He said, 'You're so different than I thought you'd be,'" laughs. "I said, 'I did have to win this.' He said she was 'so different' in golden as long as I have, you do develop some skills as a team player. You can't be a lone ranger." Agrees David Peterson: "She's known how to fight like a man."

In fact, if the *Liberal* rebel seems suddenly to have stepped from Parliament Hill, she's just getting started. Her team-taking began four years ago when she told the difficulty of building a new team. Martin and Chrétien. Not only did Coppo work at retaining her public persona—creating her roles down and donating a little new wardrobe from Alfred Sarge—but as her best friend, Edna O'Connell MP Bob Spiller, points out, "When she thought she might become prime minister, she started to look at all sides at the prism."

Now, Coppo talks of the difficulty of building a Liberal team—and keeping it together when the crunch comes—"an enormous remark until she notes that that her fighting days are not over; they have merely moved into the inner sanctums of the cabinet and caucus. "Wow, the biggest battles are internal ones," she says. "People criticize their intentions as opponents—and that's hard for me."

On the day after the throne speech in January, *Globe and Mail* columnist Glen Coleman reported that "senators are making much of the fact that during Mr. Chrétien's European trip last week, cabinet ministers pressed their case by Deputy PM Coppo. It was comical." In fact, Coppo insists the cabinet decided to scrub its weekly meeting while Chrétien attended a NATO summit in Brussels so ministers could extend their Christmas recess. "It was never scheduled," she says, "so it was never extended."

But the column served notice: insiders' knives were out. Ever since Chrétien named her last deputy, the reasons from fellow politicians and much of the press corps have swung between two extremes. On the one hand, some had darkly that Coppo could turn out not unlike the ambitious happy caricature in the comedy's satirical magazine, *Avon*, where a meeting with business her brassy trying to win over the hapless Prime Minister. On the other, they dismiss her reputation as mere idealism—all title and no clout.

Last December, the Toronto Star named up the confusion: "In a qualified to be second-in-command of the country" profiled Glen Coleman MP O'Donnell. "Can someone with a career as Opposition and a legacy of controversy do the job?" In the sidebar Don Quixote? By the end, O'Donnell had reassured his readers that if Chrétien had taken a risk with her appointment, he had also played it safe. "Coppo," he wrote, "will have neither the authority, the skill, nor the office space given Ministers' dignities." In fact, Chrétien's prime government as a function of the old Conservative machine. And as for losing out on former deputy PM Donald Macdonald's days across from the Commons, Coppo insists she gladly ceded it to House leader Herb Gray. "Actually," she says, "my office is bigger."

But even as Macdonald's own former aides point out that neither Gray's spot nor job is the real measure of power in a job that exists only to administer. Ever since Pierre Trudeau created the post for Allan Rock in 1977, deputy prime minister has enjoyed as much muscle as his or her boss allowed. "What you have to look at is the cabinet complex and how they're managed," says a former top Tory. "You have shared the operations committee, the day-to-day management of the government."

In the revamped Liberal caucus, the Operations









laid out and her rebellious Pat. Patti says, Cogg's male sure she lived her personal life with equal bravado and wit. In 1994, she was on holiday in Florida when she locked eyes in a Tampa bar with a handsome sometime TV editor named Ric Martore. Despite later reports that he had a drug conviction, she married him the next summer. In March, 1997, when their daughter Danielle was born, the first delivery to a wife 49, John Turner announced it in the *Post*. And the day after, the happy couple held a news conference at the hospital. Danielle's infancy was spent in a carport beside her mother's parliamentary desk.

To many, Cogg's life seemed like an open book, one where Canadians could look almost at the plot whether they wanted to or not. But gradually that plot seemed odd. In 1999, shortly before she launched her leadership bid—and after Martore had been arrested for sexual abuse—she announced she was pregnant. “It wasn’t related to politics at all,” she says. “I think he had difficulty being married.”

Now, Martore works for the Kidney Foundation in Montreal and sees their daughter every few weeks. Cogg, who has said comedy sketches in even in the women's business before rushing home to pick up Danielle from a neighborhood babysitter at 6:30 p.m. Still extremely close to her family, including her brother Ross, a Montreal economist, and her longtime executive assistant Danielle May-Cosentino, who lives down the street, Cogg has cradled her own version of the postmodern family. By now Danielle, who turned seven last week, has become so blithely about muddling along on her mother's political mounds that she could out-fish on why a girl in a Montreal restaurant recently wanted her mother's autograph. “Are you famous or something?” she asked.

Cogg divides the day when her daughter may have to pay for her mother's notoriety with a school yard tract. And those days she puts her private life off limits to the press. Since her divorce, Cogg has dated a succession of men, including Lawrence Connor, a former communications minister in Robert Bourassa's government who managed the last days of her leadership campaign. He remains a bit of “the guy part of her personality—going for the things that bothered the ordinary Canadian.” But he switched in “the people who run campaigns against her tried to exploit that and give her impression Sheila was a total old-time woman.”

For the past year, the man in her life has been Austin Thorne, a burly, athletic labor consultant who is a former secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Federation of Labor. “He understands politics, so he understands what the life is about,” she says. “If you're a strong woman, you have to deal it with someone who has a strong self-image of themselves.” Thorne would also seem to have brought a sense of humor to his recent dates. At the diplomatic ball on the night after the election meeting in which asked his name for the morning too, he replied “My Sheila Cogg.”

For just year, they have tried to keep their relationship out of the media, but that happy-go-lucky blew their cover. Which made all the more remarkable weeks later when *Frank* magazine featured Cogg's head superimposed over a curvaceous body in black

## COVER PROFILE

lace underwear with the cover headline “Sheila Cogg's deal-a-day.” Inside, the editors confessed to having placed an ad with a Cogg-like description, seeking male companionship in *The Ottawa Citizen's* 10-personals column. “Sheila Cogg, be lovely to meet,” their story began, printing up the voice-mail replies—another chapter in their luridly portrayed ad the deputy prime minister as desperate to find a man. Cogg tries to laugh it off. But she wonders over “the message—do put it rather directly—that successful women are de facto bad beaters, and obviously can't be happy as women.”

Last year, pondering the media's similar crimed messages over Kim Campbell, Globe and Mail columnist Rick Salutin concluded that society prefers only those women in politics who seem solidly maternal or beyond the realm of romance. “There's a male bias,” he wrote. “Women who want to get ahead in politics must give the sign of also being active in sex.” But Cogg seemed to provide a special brand of hysteria among male politicians and the press, he pointed out. “Maybe the problem is not just power as a woman, but it is a woman who turns them on?” he asked. “Who refuses to choose between politics and sex—just like a man?”

Politically, the sexual advances against Cogg seem to come from fellow Liberals at a time when the party must needs her credibility and her charisma. When Cogg took to the podium at the Michielangelo banquet hall, the budget had not yet come down. But she already knew that it was a budget the Conservatives might have drafted—one that promised ten new jobs for Hamilton or anywhere else. In advance, she was preparing her rebuttal for the bad news, while exhorting them to say the course with her. And as the attacks on Chretien by the unemployed have since shown, it was a shrewdly prophetic piece of cheerleading. “There's no world left at home invested in us,” she would say later, “that we don't want to let down.”

With that speech, Cogg was doing her new job—a job not unlike her old one—and, once again, saw on the party's front lines. Over the coming years, she may be one of the few Liberals with the popularity and political street sense who can tell the government's economic and social policies to some of the very people they risk hurting the most.

But that new job will require a new public image, one which she is already working to craft. Earlier that day, during a photo session, when a bystander asked that she ought to pose on another motorcycle, she brushed “No, no, that's my past incarnation. Now I'm new and real, I can't do anything like that any more.” Then, she brightens at another prospect. “Maybe when I leave politics, I should rent one out to Hilary Clinton,” she says. “Say goodbye, and then jump on the back and ride off.” Those watching Sheila Cogg's progress might note that she chose an Australian another iconoclast—one who also happened to be the Liberal's motorcycle-brated prime minister. □



Thorne and Cogg: the prevailing odds against her success in power

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# GUNNED DOWN

An assassin kills Mexico's heir apparent

**H**e had just wound up a campaign rally in one of Tijuana's poorest barrios with his usual cheer—"Viva Mexico!"—when the shots rang out. As two bullets from a 38-caliber Brazilian Tacara handgun ripped through his stomach and brain, Luis Donaldo Coloso Nariño, the handsome 46-year-old heir apparent to the Mexican presidency, slumped to the dirt road in a pool of blood, mortally wounded. With his death three hours later, those who shot plunged Mexico into a state of shock—until its presidential elections in August.

**WORLD**

They also shattered the decade of stability that President Carlos Salazar de Gortari had constructed after another decade from a peasant rebellion in the southern state of Chiapas on New Year's Day exploded the embryonic cultivated myth of Mexico's economic miracle.

Our regime of liberty and of constitutional order," Salazar declared. Then as he spoke, analysts both inside and outside Mexico were questioning, often in apocalyptic terms, the future of his economic and democratic reforms. Most agreed the country would never be the same. "Mexico are reconfiguring these whole societies, where they're going politically and the changes they're making," said Adrienne Camp, a Mexican expert at Tulane University in New Orleans. Added Carlos Heredia, a Washington-based economist and formerly a senior official in the Mexican finance ministry "It is the beginning of the end of Mexican politics as we know it."

For Prime Minister Jean Charest and the 450 Canadian businessmen he had led to a trade show in the capital early last week, Coloso's murder threw doubt on the two countries' still-tender economic ties. Fresh from unveiling a new foreign policy that called for a stronger tilt towards Latin America—and away from Washington—Charest landed in Mexico City only hours before the assassination. In quick succession, he found his state dinner with Salazar cancelled and his attempt to pay respects

to Coloso's grieving third wife turned into a public relations disaster (page 20).

Like U.S. President Bill Clinton, whose administration announced an \$8-billion line of credit for Mexico to pay up the peso, the Prime Minister answered his host's request for help in international disaster relief. Tearing the Canadian trade flag a day after the killing, Charest said it was an time for Canadians to help Mexico. "In a political situation like this, people get nervous," he said. "We believe in democracy and stability, you stick around, you don't run away."

Not all investors were reassured. Bank of Montreal's Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce's man in Mexico, predicted that many companies would delay pouring money into the country until its course becomes clear. "You would want to be, very, very cautious," he said. "It will slow things down."

Any such reduction in foreign investment could prove disastrous—and risk reviving another scare—at a time when Mexico's beleaguered economy has slipped into recession. To service the country's massive external debt and maintain the new infrastructure program that Salazar has promised to ease the introduction of the North American Free Trade Agreement, he needs a reliable source of in-

come. Salazar's Council on Hemispheric Affairs "Any interruption of these loans would be fatal."

Still, the greatest threat is to Mexico's fragile political fabric. Seconds after Coloso's fatal blood-shedding, the crowd at the Tijuana rally attacked. Many Mario Marín, a 29-year-old mechanic at a supermarket plastics plant on the San Diego border. Police later said he confessed to the murder. Mexico's state-dominated media promptly began inciting what Mexican analysts termed "the late violent partisan theory." But an audience dismissed any possibility of a political motive for his actions, they only succeeded in raising questions about Marín's curious claim to be a pacifist and his reported declaration after the killing: "I have saved Mexico."

These questions provided further fuel for the capital's charming mill of conspiracy theories. Many archivist analysts blamed the assassination on the right wing of Salazar's own Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), which has ruled the country for the past 65 years. Those who subscribe to that theory note that PRI leaders oppose the government's attempts to pacify the Chiapas rebels, in particular by going in to their demand for clean presidential elections this summer. Their opposition increased when it became clear the party could lose its monopoly on power under Salazar's newly initiated date of electoral reform.

"I don't buy the notion that this is a crucial loss, because," says Heredia. "Who is bound to benefit from this? It appears the faction advocating an end to the dialogue with the Zapatistas, because they can make the case that it's time to consolidate political control." At week's end, the Zapatista National Liberation Army moved a commander from its jungle stronghold in Chiapas releasing that man and blaming Coloso's death on "the hardliners and the military option inside the government" who want to "real all the pro-



Coloso with wife and son handicapped

liberal end of democratization of the country."

Already, the assassination has had the ironic effect of the January uprising, when a majority of Mexicans sympathized with the demands of the crushed insurgents for clean elections and justice for the beleaguered Mayan population. Now, the government—and the ruling party—seems set to benefit from a significant backlash and the public's fear of political risk. "In the face of such a crisis, you must for order," says Luciano Meyer, a history professor at the capital's Colegio de México "You can't do anything."

Others predict that the country's long-neglected military establishment is likely to

emerge as an influential player in the Mexican political stage. "Chiapas has let the military grow out of the bottle," says Heredia. "The military is going to become an increasingly obvious element in the political process."

Certainly, Coloso's murder shines another American spotlight on a country whose political history has been bloodier than Salazar's sophisticated public relations machine would have the world believe. Last month's kidnapping of Ambassador Alberto Hilda, president of the mainstay Grupo Financiero Banamex-Accord SA and a close associate of Salazar, drew attention to the fact that extreme obfuscations have become one of Mexico's growth industries. Since 1986, hundreds of the country's top business executives have been held for ransom by professional extortionists, who can exact on their families' lives to back up the blackmail.

Although no leading Mexican politician has been associated with presidential election. Alvaro Obregón in 1988, hundreds of the country's top business executives have been held for ransom by professional extortionists, who can exact on their families' lives to back up the blackmail.

Although no leading Mexican politician has been associated with presidential election. Alvaro Obregón in 1988, hundreds of the country's top business executives have been held for ransom by professional extortionists, who can exact on their families' lives to back up the blackmail.

Last week, Chiapas and rival opposition leader Eusebio Hernández de Cevallos of the rightwing National Action Party (PAN) temporarily suspended their campaigning to pay their respects at Coloso's funeral after a car crash, which he was in for a while in the quarters. And like the rest of the nation, they

## SEASON OF UNREST

Last week's assassination of presidential candidate Luis Donaldo Coloso was the latest in a string of crises to hit Mexico, a country rocked by political and economic upheaval



In May, 1993, drug traffickers gunned down Senador Cándido Gortari from Juan Posadas Gortari in Guadalajara. Police speculated they had mistaken him for a rival drug lord.



More than 100 people have died as a result of an uprising that began in southern Chiapas state on Jan. 1. It is still-styled Zapatista rebels, who are demanding land reform and honest elections.



The country's wealthiest businessman, Alfredo Salazar, was abducted from his chauffeur-driven car in Mexico City on March 34.

The identity of the kidnappers is not known, but such abductions are increasingly common in Mexico.



welcomed the announcement of Colón's replacement as the ruling party's standard-bearer. But that choice poses a thorny problem for Salinas. On the one hand, the president is under intense international pressure to finish with the tradition by which he handpicked Colón as his successor. But if he throws the selection process open to a more democratic process, he risks splitting the party and plunging the nation into further chaos. Said Cervera: "The president is in a jam."

Nearly the most logical PUS candidate has removed himself from the race—not aware but twice. A day before Colón's death, his chief party rival, former Mexico City mayor Manuel Camacho Solís—a boyfriend friend of Salinas while the president had put in charge of construction—was killed in a car crash. A combination of speculation that he was planning an independent bid for the presidency. After the assassination, conventional wisdom

in the capital dismissed any possibility of his later reconsidering. When Camacho turned up to view Colón's body, he was hoarse by the crowd. And one woman shrieked that he was behind the murder. That same day, Camacho reiterated that he would not run. Said Meyer: "You do not want to sit over the dead body of a somebody who was seen as your political opponent."

Among the other leading contenders is former education minister Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de León, a Yale-educated economist who was Colón's campaign manager. Thanks to that job, Zedillo is one of the few from Salinas's inner circle—another is party chief Fernando Orellana—to meet the constitutional requirement that a presidential candidate must have been at the federal payroll for six months before the election. But he lacks both the stature and the stature of his former boss. And in recent months, Mexico's influential daily *El Financiero* has published investigations of his family's government construction contracts in unimpaired Chiapas. Because of the constitutional hitch, many analysts predict that Salinas will announce a six-week delay in the Aug. 21 election—allowing other cabinet crises time to become eligible. Among them, Treasury Secretary Pedro Aspe Armella.

But whatever finally takes up Salinas's torch will not have a comfortable task. Already bloodied by revolt and a remainder of sorts, Mexico stands at an uneasy crossroads, attempting to come to grips with its worst political crisis in recent history and facing an increasingly impatient and angry people. "By telling what was to be the next president, you've also wounded the Mexican presidency as we've known it."

FRANK McDONALD with WARREN CARAGATA and SCOTT McKEON in Mexico City

## Chrétien carries on

*The prime minister appeals for calm in Mexico's crisis*

The guests began assembling at the Los Pinos presidential compound in Mexico City just after 7 p.m., as the speeches of President Carlos Salinas de Gortari. At either end of the banquet room, Mexican and Canadian flags had been laid out from flowers in full spring bloom. The speech of honor, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, had been in the country only a few hours. At the same time, in the nearby city of Tijuana, a 23-year-old gunman was firing two shots at Salinas's handpicked successor, Luis Donaldo Colón Martínez—an

charge. A decision to cancel Chrétien's official visit might be interpreted as a signal of Mexico's inability to cope with a crisis. As Chrétien put it, "President Salinas told us we have to carry on. The program should continue."

So it did, in a fashion. The morning after the assassination, Chrétien spoke at a breakfast meeting sponsored by the Canadian-Mexican Chamber of Commerce. "This is not the time to make the speech that I would have made in other circumstances," Chrétien said. But he assured the executives that the crisis would soon pass.

The speech, with its appeal for calm, was as much in line with Salinas's own views that the Mexican leader passed out copies to his associates at a cabinet meeting later that day. But the public mood was far more volatile, as Chrétien discovered when he arrived at the funeral home where Colón's body lay in state. An angry crowd of mourners, drawn by the long wait to pay their respects, jostled and shouted at the Prime Minister as Mexican officials led him to the front of the line. With the graceful grace of a politician, Chrétien decided against joining the queue, and left by a side door. "The people were emotional there and I can understand that," he said later. "I didn't stick at all to the danger."

To the surprise of some, Chrétien spoke on several occasions about the need for continued democratic reform. "Democracy is still the best road to progress," he told Mexican congressional leaders. "Don't give up." Canadian and Mexican officials confirmed later that Salinas had agreed in advance of Chrétien's remarks. They added that Colón's death had raised concerns at a conservative, hardline in the PUS, and that the Prime Minister's words would likely help Salinas resist that pressure.

For Lorenzo Meyer, a critic of the regime and a prominent advocate of democratic change, Chrétien's intervention was a welcome sign that the reform would continue, although he noted that he has never known that Chrétien intended all along to convey that message. After all, Meyer told Maclean's: "When you receive Mexico as a partner, you are moving the whole package." Last week, Chrétien learned that less than in Spain.

WARREN CARAGATA in Mexico City



Mourners joining Chrétien's volatile mood

act that would throw Mexican politics into turmoil and take Chrétien's carefully scripted visit along with it.

Chrétien heard the news just as he and his wife, Anne, were preparing to depart for Los Pinos from their hotel a few kilometers to the north. Canadian officials said that Salinas asked Chrétien to delay his arrival until more information was known about the shooting. Two hours later, Chrétien was driven to Los Pinos and met with the president for about 30 minutes, after which they both traveled to the shocked and still silent capital. "I uttered my support and my prayers," Chrétien said, adding that he was impressed by Salinas's strength in the face of the most serious challenge to his country's stability in more than half a century.

In fact, Mexican officials were initially unsure what to do with their Canadian guest. They were reluctant that it was crucial to demonstrate that the government was still in



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# Crimes against humanity

A trial focuses on French collaboration with Nazi Germany

BY BRUCE WALLACE

**T**he accused is an old man now. He is weakened by cancer, his once-blond hair grayed and thinned. When he answers questions, it is in a tentative voice and with a hesitant clucking of teeth as he searches for words. Sitting steadily in a Versailles courtroom just outside Paris, Paul Touvier looks like everyone's grandfather, hardly a threat to anyone. Only his eyes—surprised, cold, detached of his questioners—give any hint that this man could be guilty of the terrible thing he is accused of: a crime against humanity, the first Frenchman ever to face the charge.

A line takes a long time to bring Touvier, now 76, to trial. The accusation against him stems from his role in the June, 1944, murder of seven Jewish hostages (a reprisal for the killing of the propaganda minister of the wartime Vichy government, who co-operated with the Nazis. The murders took place near Lyons, where Touvier was an intelligence chief in the Milice, Vichy's brutal and anti-Semitic militia. The jury will rule as whether Touvier's act was part of a concerted extermination plan, inspired by racial or religious hatred.

If Touvier is convicted, it will be the first time that a French court ascribes blame to Vichy France for its role in the Nazi Final Solution. After the war, thousands of Vichy officials were convicted—and some executed—due to their role in their collaboration with the Nazis. But no French official has ever been convicted of complicity in the mass murder, despite the fact that the Vichy government rounded up and deported 75,000 Jews—a quarter of France's wartime Jewish population—in concentration camps in the east. Only now, with the Touvier trial, will the French justice system finally deliver a verdict on the Vichy government's role in that horror.

Touvier's trial is one that the French political establishment has long sought to avoid. Since the war, Nazi hunters have pursued more senior Vichy officials through the slow-moving French legal system, only to see charges dismissed or have the accused die before coming to trial. Because many Vichy officials resumed their careers after the war, according to high goals in government and



Touvier is court, behind his right hand. He is accused of the murder of seven Jewish hostages in 1944.

industry, Vichy remained largely a taboo subject in postwar France. Jean Barthe, the so-called Butcher of Lyons, was tried and sentenced to life in prison for crimes against humanity in 1957. But Barthe was German. The government of President François Mitterrand never pursued cases against French citizens, expressing a desire not to disturb the "social peace." The one case that appeared likely to result in a conviction was premised by a civil group founded by Serge and Denise Klarsfeld, the sons and daughters of the Deported Jews of France. Their quarry was Henri Bouquard, a business executive who, as a senior Vichy official in 1942, had insisted to French police to round up Jews for deportation. That that case ended when a wrongful guarantee accompanied Bouquard on his departure last year.

Bouquard's murder robbed French Nazi hunters of their best chance to prove that the Vichy government co-operated in the mass

murder of Jews. To pursue that prior farther meant pressing charges against Touvier, a mild-mannered Milice officer with a disconcertingly dark life story. A potential railway clerk, raised to believe in ultra-nationalist Catholicism and French nationalism, Touvier cooked into an anti-Semitic ideology and was a producer.

"We say it's important to know the life story of the accused," said Henri Barthe, the prosecuting judge as he opened the Touvier trial on March 27. And so Touvier's biography was read into the record, not simply the acts and bolds of dates and places, but the experiences and influences that shaped his character. His father was a stern Roman Catholic, who imported his anti-Semitism, into democratic views as Paul, his eldest son of 11 children. "You were very gentle, etc. there?" asked Barthe. "Taking before," replied Touvier.

By 1940, Touvier was a well-paid father of two young children—his wife had died while giving birth. After France's fall to the Nazis, he left the French army and returned to his native Savoy district in south-eastern France, where he took a job with the state railway. But he soon became a follower of Marshal Philippe Pétain, the leader of Vichy France, and Touvier joined a veterans' association that was actively and openly anti-Semitic in its recruitment. In 1943, the veterans' group became the Milice, after the German-occupied Pétain had he needed an internal intelligence force to stamp out the French Resistance.

The Milice was a natural home for a man of Touvier's views. Its secret work was anti-democratic, anti-communist and pro-Catholic, as well as excluding a pledge to erase the "Jewish question" and promote "French purity." But it was his last but not his last. Touvier insisted that he never considered himself anti-Semitic. What about the oath? asked Barthe. "They were just words," said Touvier. "The oath never indicated a mere fact. I was facing the oath that interested me, and didn't pay attention to the rest."

Touvier's denial of all that he had ever said or written dominated the trial's first week. What about the two anti-Jewish statistics cited by the Pétain government that indicated Jews from public life and most professions?

"I was never aware of them," he said. The yellow star that Jews over age 6 were compelled to wear as Vichy France?

"I never saw a yellow star." Co-operation between the Milice and the gendarmes? "I never had any contact with the gendarmes." Testimony from associates that he was violently anti-Semitic?

"People would say anything to avoid being shot."

What a well-documented it that Touvier once quickly to lead the intelligence service of the Milice in Lyons. He lived in France until the fall of Vichy France and ran his business in Switzerland. He has also provided admitted letters and testimony that he had contact with gendarmes officials, including Barthe, although he now denies that. No. And after the war, the French government compiled enough evidence against Touvier to sentence him, in absentia, to death for treason.

By then, Touvier had gone into hiding, beginning an extraordinary flight from justice. Sheltered by right-wing Catholic groups, he con-

tinued for a period, writing church officials to intervene with French politicians on his behalf. Touvier was not a prominent war criminal, and the assembly allowed him to leave about 10 times, and even to make a recording promising not to discuss with the help of Jacques Bel, the well-known French author, who had become a friend. In 1982, the statute of limitations on war crimes was extended. The pardon he sought was granted quickly by President Georges Pompidou in 1971. "It was decided as a humanitarian gesture for a man who could no longer be executed," said René Remond, a French historian who produced a report on the coyness of the French Catholic Church in aiding Touvier. "But when people looked out about the pardon, Touvier turned into something larger, symbolic."

The publicity surrounding the pardon drove Touvier back to his underground network of agents. He left right-wing clerics. He tried to draw his pursuers off by publishing a phony death notice in 1984, but his lies finally caught up with him in 1989, when a police helicopter snatched him from the guard of a huge monastery to arrest him. To this day, said Remond, "Touvier believes he is a victim of the Jews."

The Touvier trial hardly threatens the French establishment any more. Anyone with links to Vichy crimes is now retired or dead. Nor can it be claimed that the trial threatens social peace; if anything, the peace has already been shattered by high unemployment, rising resentment towards management and a rebel, mostly student population that this month took to the streets to protest changes to the education system. "There was anxiety after the war but French public opinion has been totally ready for it," said Barthe. "It was far a long time" and Arno Klarsfeld, 37, who is representing his parents' Jewish co-victims at the trial. "It is important to get a conviction so that the history books will show that French justice rendered the floor just as hard on a Frenchman as they did on a German. A conviction is important for the image of France."

But despite Touvier's record, a conviction may be elusive. The Superior Court of Canada showed as much last week when it upheld the acquittal of Toronto-area resident Henri Flato, who faced 4,000 charges of unlawfully confining and murdering Hungarian Jews in 1944. The court said that a conviction would require circumstantial "an added element of inhumanity" beyond simple proof of the crimes. Touvier is being tried separately on the murder of seven Jews, but to convict him, the jury will have to see that act as part of a larger pattern of genocide. And Touvier's lawyers continually insist that it is wrong for one generation to pass moral judgment on the actions of another. His trial, which has expected to last the week, will test the morality of the Vichy regime in much the same way that the Supreme American trial of 1952 tested the theory of evolution. Were the Vichy French simply manipulated puppets on the strings of a sinister combination of French bureaucracy after a crushing military defeat and who, in fact, spared most of the Jews in France from the Nazi killing machine? Or did Vichy encompass enthusiastic authorities, who committed crimes against Jews on the basis of building an anti-Semitic state? Whatever the outcome, warned Arno Klarsfeld, "it is all of France that will have to live with the verdict." □



Nazi troops in Paris after the fall of France, 1940.





Farber (in truck) with Croatian warehouse worker, narrow, snow-cloaked mountain roads

## BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA

# Convoys of hope

Canadian truck drivers provide a lifeline for war victims

The convoy of six white trucks, bristled by a pair of four-wheel-drive Toyota Land Cruisers, slowed as it rolled into the remains of Drenovica, a town in northern Bosnia-Herzegovina that was home to some 10,000 people before war broke out in April, 1992. On either side, the road was lined with coalmines, shell-pocked skeletons of houses, half-collapsed apartment blocks and bullet-riddled storefronts. A colonial sign posted from under the rubble of a bombed cafe, still placidly advertising ice cream. At the wheel of the lead vehicle, Murray MacDonell, a hefty, 35-year-old truck driver from Troyes, N.Y., his greying hair blowing in a gusty wind, used a base ball cap, rolled down his window. The problem was not a lack of ventilation, MacDonell wanted to be able to hear if there was any sniper fire in the area. Drenovica, whose population now stands at fewer than 25,000, has been finally under Serb control since last year, as outflows of refugees are now 500, "you never know who's had a bottle of sherry today," said MacDonell, referring to the potent local plum brandy.

MacDonell has picked up more such tips

in the six months since he arrived as the first Yugoslav to help innocent humanitarian relief for the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC). Recently pressed from driving trucks to leading convoys in the four-wheel-drive vehicles that act as advance scouts and, on occasion, driving emergency ambulances for the convoys, he is one of more than 300 expatriate truckers from as diverse as Iceland and El Salvador who answered a Red Cross appeal for foreign drivers last fall.

The drivers—including a dozen Canadians, four of whom returned home last month after completing their tours of duty—have proven invaluable to the Red Cross's humanitarian relief program in the former Yugoslavia. In the chaotic battle zones of Bosnia, only neutral outposts are allowed across the front lines by warring Serbs, Croats and Muslim Croats, and especially prized by the Red Cross because of their experience with the mountainous terrain and harsh winter conditions found in some parts of the war-torn region. The convoys, which transport everything from emergency food supplies to lived prisoners

and which can speed anywhere from a few hours to several days on the road, cover most of Bosnia as well as parts of neighborly Croatia, Serbia and Montenegro.

By Bosnian standards, the Serb-held town of Modrica, the destination of MacDonell's convoy, was not such a bad place. At the "warehouse," a couple of crumpled shops on the bottom floor of a bullet-watred apartment building, a crowd of young boys eagerly helped unload cartons of wheat flour and packages of oil, rice, canned fish and soap—goods that would then be distributed to the area's 11,000 refugees as well as to nearby local families. As they worked, mothers stilled their babies, some asleep, past buildings whose every window had been shattered by the confusion of artillery fire. But there has been no fighting in Modrica since early 1993, and the front line is now a comfortable 10 km away. "There's only occasional shelling now," the head of the local Red Cross delegation said cheerfully.

MacDonell has seen much worse. During the winter he was assigned to the regular oil run from Belgrade to Gornje, a refugee-wracked Modrica enclave so far from the outside world and pounded with artillery bombings by besieging Bosnian Serb forces. (The shelling stopped in late February when all sides in the conflict began making progress towards a permanent settlement.) "When the trucks came in, thousands of people would run out, lining the roads, waving," MacDonell recalled. "It makes your hair stand up, and your eyes water." It can also have serious health consequences. At MacDonell's truck, just before the cab where he was sitting, one of the foreign drivers held by the Red Cross had been killed, as well because they are under orders to wear face masks and helmets in dangerous areas. But a few—many Canadian—have been injured when their trucks ran over land mines.

MacDonell, who has been driving industrial and construction equipment since he was 17, had just finished a course on heavy-equipment operation in Edmonton when he heard about the Red Cross job through Canada Magazine. The salary—about



Starving residents receiving aid, 'you're going to die if you don't do it right'

\$3,800 a month, paid by the Canadian Red Cross with funds from Canada's department of foreign affairs—is less than he would make at home, but MacDonell thought the job sounded important. "I believe that you are should turn their backs on aggression, and what happened in the Second World War should not be repeated," he said. "So I came supply for that reason. And once I got inside, and saw how desperate it was for people here, I knew it was the right decision."

John Forbes, a driver from Scotland, N.S., thought it would be just another job when he arrived in January. "I wasn't working at home, so I thought, 'Why not?'" explained the 29-year-old trucker, reclining in a bar in the Croatian capital, Zagreb. "But it's totally different for me now. When you see kids digging through trash cans, kids of Red Cross packages you're loaded, it's a real different feeling."

It is that feeling, says Forbes, that keeps him and other drivers on the road despite the dangers they face. "The first shift I lived on, it was scared out of my mind," he admitted, laughing. "But once you see how the people are here—when you go in with your boots and coat and face mask and see people standing there in the snow with no shoes—you can keep going, no problem."

During the winter, the narrow, snow-choked mountain roads, pocked with artillery craters, were at least as much of a hazard as the war itself. Even all the roads the drivers are not always secure in the Bosnia

Serb stronghold of Banja Luka, where MacDonell is based, extremists enraged by the fact that the Red Cross delivers aid to their Muslim and Croat "enemies" frequently harass Red Cross workers and vandalize their vehicles. Hardier Serbs have quit at MacDonell while he was driving through town, and silent drivers have been assaulted. A few wheel-drive Red Cross vehicles was even blown up one night in January, as it sat parked in front of the house that MacDonell shares with several other drivers.

MacDonell, taking such incidents in stride, said that his years driving in Canada helped to prepare him for Bosnia. "If you take 65,000 litres of fuel in a truck down a steep, icy road," he pointed out, "you're going to die if you don't do it right. I'm used to having that stress—no relief in my stomach."

The worst moments, he and other drivers agreed, are when they find themselves unable to do their jobs. The ICRC has had to suspend all convoys several times when convoys were judged too dangerous. The most recent case was in February, when the Western powers, including Canada, threatened an arms against the Serb forces encircling Sarajevo. Convoys are also frequently banned back at military checkpoints when one or another of the warring sides refuses to allow shipments of food, clothing or housing materials through to civilians on the other side. "I had to bring back a whole truck full of shoes from Gornje because the Serbs wouldn't let us go through," said Gao

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WORLD

Connelly, 26, a former Canadian Forces corporal from Lac St-Jean, Que., who arrived in September. "They said they were for the Muslim military, not civilians. It's crazy."

Of course, there isn't much luck here in Canada as there is major concern. "My son by worry is how they're doing," said Forbes, referring to his parents, two sisters and his friends at a construction company in Scotland where he used to work. "They're worried as anyone can be," he added.

For Jerry Aery, a bearded 34-year-old who has been driving and trucking since January, the hardest part of the job was leaving his wife and three-year-old daughter in Chester, N.S. "I used to get my daughter to school," he said. "At Christmas, the relatives were asking about her, and she said her daddy was coming here to help kids with their homework, and she said that he would have preferred to have armed in the army, so one of Canada's peacekeeping soldiers. Driving red trucks offered her a way to do his job, he said.

Denay Lase, the RCMP's transportation chief for the former Yugoslavs, said the organization has been impressed by the drivers' performance. Even so, relations between the RCMP's privy police headquarters and the somewhat less graceful Canadian trucks are occasionally rocky. ("You have to fill out a form every time you change a lightbulb," muttered one of the drivers.) Lase, an American, recently admitted some of the trucks in use down the rocky paths in the wooded apartments where they live as groups of up to six. With the combination of occasional off-road vehicles, cheap and readily available plum brandy and local wine, and a social scene that includes dozens of local RCMP employees, the drivers acknowledge that they sometimes get caught up in excessive moments.

Struck by their experiences during the war and obviously drawn by a sense of adventure, several of the Canadian truckers have extended their initial three- or six-month contracts. A few, like Gino Connelly, hope to go on to other RCMP missions in countries like Somalia. "I just know I'm helping people," he said. "It's a beautiful experience."

Murray MacDonald has signed on for a second six-month stint, but he reckons that a full year in the violence and misery of the former Yugoslavia will be enough. After that, he said, he plans to return to Canada and apply for the job to be an arms dealer—working for the New South Wales department of transportation as a driving instructor. "It's challenging my brain together when I go home," said MacDonald. "Being here really makes you appreciate Canada."

VINCE HESSER is a journalist.

## HOMELAND REGIME COLLAPSES

Under pressure, President Sani Abacha Gagan said in a speech to the black homeland of Ogoni, one of 10 tribal minorities crushed under South Africa's apartheid policies of racial separation. The collapse of his regime came less than two weeks after Lucas Mangope stepped down as leader of Bophuthatswana, another homeland slated to be incorporated in South Africa after the country's first all-race elections on April 26 to 28.

## NO CLEMENCY

President Bill Clinton denied a pardon request from Jonathan Pollard, the former U.S. navy intelligence analyst who pleaded guilty in 1986 to spying for Iraq. Pollard, 30, who is serving a life sentence, argued that he deserved a shorter sentence because he spent his life in a friendly nation.

## HOPE FOR SOMALIA

One day before the last U.S. peacekeepers departed Somalia, the country's two main warring, Mohamed Farah Aidid and Ali Mahdi, signed a peace pact ending three years of bloody rivalry. The accord calls for a ceasefire and a reconciliation conference in May to elect a president and set up a new government.

## A CIGARETTE SUIZ

Philip Morris Inc. launched a \$10.4-billion bid to acquire and combine, challenging a documentary report by the anti-smoking group that cigarettes are artificially spiked with nicotine during the manufacturing process to addict smokers. Philip Morris is the world's largest cigarette manufacturer.

## ROSIAN BACKSLIDING

Rejecting the idea of joining a federation with Moldova and Croatia, Bosnian Serb political leaders refused to pursue their goal of uniting their self-declared state in Bosnia, the Republic of Srpska, with neighboring Serbia. The decision complicated efforts to resolve the 23-month-old Bosnian war, in which more than 200,000 people have been killed or gone missing.

## FILM CENSORSHIP

Muslim Malaysia banned the Oscar-winning Holocaust film *Schindler's List* because of what it calls Jewish propaganda. In a letter to the film's distributor, Malaysia's censorship board wrote that "the story reflects the prejudice and hatred of a certain race only." Adding, "The theme of the film is to reveal the brutality and cruelty of the Nazi soldiers to the Jews."

# World NOTES

## The Moscow rumor mill

The plot outline was all too familiar: a Kremlin insider who is in a Black Sea resort, says-trusted colleagues announce that he has been forced by B. K. to resign. In August, 1990, a group of high-ranking communists used that excuse as an unsuccessful attempt to depose then-Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev. Last week, in a bizarre case of déjà vu at the dacha, rumors of a planned coup against Russian President Boris Yeltsin—who took over from Gorbachev after the Soviet Union disintegrated in December, 1991—erupted in Moscow while he was vacationing in the Black Sea town of Sochi. According to one report, Russian Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin and several other top officials are needed to depose the president on the grounds that he was too sick to remain in office.

Chernomyrdin, who is constitutionally first in line to replace Yeltsin if the president cannot perform his duties, charged that the report was merely a self-serving invention. He does first to Sochi for a last-minute check on his health.



Yeltsin: gravely ill?

by arranged meeting with Yeltsin, pronounced him to be in good health and named the name for the rumors as unnamed opponents. Said Chernomyrdin, "Someone is interested in destabilizing the situation."

If so, there is no shortage of material to keep the rumor mill humming. For months there has been speculation in Moscow that Yeltsin is gravely ill—stories that the president himself last week called "a rich vein of lies, innuendo and greed." Analysis also says that while Russia's new constitution gives the president wide powers, Yeltsin has made scant use of his executive strength recently—and those who believe to check the growth of Communist and nationalist forces ranged against him. The speculations insist that he is in good health, apart from a mild heart condition. But brief as it was, last week's TV coverage of his meeting with Chernomyrdin showed a tired-looking Yeltsin apparently having difficulty walking—a sign that will do nothing to quell the tale that his days in power are numbered.

## Nuclear brinkmanship

The war of nerves escalated dramatically, but neither side blinked. First, Communist North Korea barred United Nations experts from inspecting any nuclear sites; then, the international community stepped in, but first part of a covert nuclear weapons development program. In response, the U.S. Security Council began deliberating possible action against the Pyongyang government. At the same time, the United States and South Korea announced that they would go ahead with deployment of Patriot anti-aircraft batteries in the South, and the two countries began preparations to stage joint military exercises. That brought an angry reaction from North Korea's official daily newspaper, *Manju*, which called the decision "virtually a declaration of total confrontation and a declaration of war against the North." So back was the United States' South Korean President Kim Dae-jung, said his 400,000 armed forces on special alert before departing for Japan and China to seek help in reaching the crisis.

North Korea's "Great Leader," Kim Il Sung, proclaimed the crisis a year ago when he announced his intention to withdraw from the *Nonproliferation Treaty*. After months of negotiation with the United States, Pyongyang agreed in February to allow international inspectors at seven declared sites, but barred them from two not-declared sites. Last week, Hans Han, executive director of the International Atomic Energy Agency, declared that North Korea was having more problems than it had declared—but he could not say whether a bomb was actually being produced. As tensions continued to rise, Seoul's *Chosun Ilbo* newspaper quoted an unnamed Chinese businessman who recently returned from North Korea as saying that "Pyongyang is now under the impression of war." He added: "North Korean residents believe and will be regarded as fleeing to power as the war starts and their People's Army will be the war." A war of nerves, indeed.



Central bankers trigger a sudden panic among home buyers with an abrupt increase in rates

# The interest ratejolt

It is a long way from the solid stone headquarters of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board in Washington to Ray Mac real estate agent Sharron Breen's office in the basement of his house in southwest Calgary. But like most real estate agents, Breen knows that decisions made by American central bankers

usually have an almost immediate impact in Canada. Even before federal reserve chairman Alan Greenspan announced last week that the board had decided to "increase slightly" the "apparent pressure" on interest rates, Breen was warning his clients that a jump in American rates was imminent, and that Canadian rates would soon follow. The day before the announcement, Breen contacted 25 of them to alert pre-approved mortgagees that guaranteed a five-year rate of 7.25 per cent if they buy a house within the next 90 days. Once Greenspan's announcement came, the reaction was swift. The Bank of Canada raised its lending rate by 0.18 percentage points to 5.5 per cent, prompting most banks and trust companies to increase their mortgage rates by up to a full point. In Calgary, and across the country, anxious home hunters deluged realtors with phone calls. "There's a real fear factor," said Breen. "People are saying, 'Rates are going up, we have to buy now.'"

That fear factor spread far beyond the housing market, triggering wild swings on currency and stock markets. But despite the stir of the jump in rates—and the shaky fluctuations in financial markets—experts recognized divided on how long the higher rates will last. Both in Canada and the United States, central bankers appear to be reacting to short-term trends. In Washington, Greenspan had been consistently warning for several months that strong U.S. economic growth might erode inflation. By nudging cost American rates up by a quarter of a percentage point last week, Greenspan was acknowledging his reaction to certain inflation. But the U.S. federal rate has actually declined to 2.4 per cent from three per cent over the past



## WHAT A DIFFERENCE A MONTH MAKES

The difference in monthly payments on a \$300,000 mortgage for a fixed five-year term amortized over 25 years:

MARCH 1	LAST WEEK
7.25%	8.95%
\$715.92 per month	\$824.70 per month

Payment variance  
\$108.78 per month

forced Bank of Canada governor Gordon Thiessen to raise rates or risk further declines in the value of the dollar.

For home buyers—and homeowners renewing their mortgages—the jump in the bank's rate meant they had only a short time to lock into mortgages at the lower levels before the major chartered banks and other lenders followed the Bank of Canada's lead and hiked their rates. After hesitating briefly, the banks and trust companies raised their belated five-year mortgage rate by a half

point to 8.95 per cent, and increased effective loan and deposit rates. Some prospective home buyers got in just under the wire. Sharron Breen, a real estate agent for Royal LePage Ltd. in Bonnie, Ont., 90 km north of Toronto, said she hurriedly delivered three pre-approved applications to a local mortgage broker at his home minutes before midnight on March 24, the day before rates shot up. Said Breen: "This certainly has created a lot of excitement."

In other cities across the country, the panic was almost palpable. "People are in a frenzy out there," said Geoff Quinceville, a sales representative with Nix Sold Chase Realty Inc. in Toronto. Quinceville said that last week eight of his clients got in to offer for houses that were actually higher than the seller's asking price—something that has not happened since the busy days of the Toronto real estate boom of the mid-1980s. Quinceville said he tried to calm eager buyers by insisting that the sudden surge in real estate demand will result in more houses coming onto the market and pushing down prices. But many were not listening. "I just got a sign up to front at a house that morning," he said on the day mortgage rates jumped. "I've already had seven calls."

The interest rate increases also jolted international currency markets. Thiessen raised the bank rate to defend the Canadian dollar, which had declined by more than three cents against the American dollar since January. "He's trying to shut across the law of the speculators," said Michael McCracken, president of International Ltd., a prime Ottawa-based economic forecasting agency. And initially, that shot appeared to work. The day after the rate increase, the dollar climbed by 6.44 cents to close at 73.3 cents to the U.S. dollar. The Toronto 300 index also jumped by 50 points that day to close at a record 4,009.5 points. Virtually share values decline in response to interest rate hikes, as investors shift money from stocks to interest-bearing investments that bear higher returns.

But the coverage in the markets was short-lived. Over the next two days, the dollar



Thiessen: "When markets are going through a negative period, they look for negative news to somehow justify what has happened."



plaged by 0.68 cents to close the week at 72.67 cents. Stock prices followed suit. The TSE 300 fell by 65.6 points, to close the week at 4,628.5 points. In New York City the Dow Jones Industrial Average fell by 94.7 points to close the week at 3,774.7.

In both Canada and the United States, the rate hikes ended speculators and investors who were feeling more single nerves about a host of other economic and political developments—some of them far removed from financial markets. The two excluded the assassination of Mexico presidential candidate Luis Donaldo Coloso, President Bill Clinton's continuing problems with the Whitewater scandal and even speculation that Russian President Boris Yeltsin is in failing health.

In Canada, still other factors added to the downward pressure on the dollar and stock values: a downgrade of the federal government's foreign currency-denominated bonds by the Toronto-based Moody's Investor Service Ltd.; the Ottawa government's announcement that it may raise its deficit target this year by as much as \$2 billion; and worries about the outcome of the upcoming Quebec election. Moreover, worrying before the Senate banking committee in Ottawa the day after he increased rates, summed up the state of the markets in the understated language typical of central bankers. "There's a lot of uncertainty out there," he said. But he added: "Frequently, when markets are going through a negative period, they look for negative news to somehow justify what has happened."

Despite Thorsen's carefully chosen words, his testimony may have added to that uncertainty. He argued that "the fundamentals are good," noting that inflation in Canada is running below that in the United States. If that difference persists, Thorsen said, Canada may eventually end up with lower interest rates than the United States. But Conservative Senator David Angus went after Thorsen, arguing that the lack of deep spending cuts in Finance Minister Paul Martin's Feb. 22 budget showed that Martin was not serious about curbing the deficit. Thorsen agreed that deficits are worrisome, but he carefully avoided criticizing Martin. "It is true that the fiscal situation has been difficult to get under control and is undoubtedly able that markets are nervous," Thorsen said. But he added cautiously: "Can we blame all this on the budget? I'd be disinclined to agree with that."

To many bond and currency traders, these

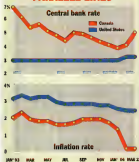
remarks were a red flag. Michael Hart, vice-president of trading at the Fixed Income Group in Toronto, said that quasi-provocal and federal budget deficits are just in line with a concern among international investors as to Canada's inflation rate. And so matter how low inflation is, Hart said, any indication from Thorsen that he is prepared to tolerate high deficits is bound to spook traders. "Markets trade on expectations a lot more than people think," Hart said. As a result, he and many other analysts predicted that Thorsen will have to increase the bank rate even more this week to slow the dollar's decline.



Governor, slightly increasing pressure

In the United States, economic and financial analysts also debated the merits of Governor's rate hike. Many applauded the federal reserve chairman for demonstrating

## PARALLEL LINES



Source: Bank of Canada, Ottawa; Canada, U.S. Department of Budget Policy

his readiness to denormalize inflationary pressures in a measured fashion without halting growth. Russell Skelton, an economist with the Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh, described the federal reserve's action as being like that of a parent who "takes the foot off the gas rather than putting on the brakes." But Skelton also conceded that inflation so far this year has been modest, and that there are signs that the growth of the U.S. economy has slowed from its hectic annualized rate of 7.5 per cent in the fourth quarter of last year. Still, he

claimed that underlying pressures towards rapid expansion and inflation may have been masked by the slowdown effects of wicked winter weather and the Los Angeles earthquake in January. Other American analysts agreed that those fears of inflation are unfounded, and that Governor's rate hike could slow or choke off the recovery. The Washington Post, in an editorial, complained that "the spectre of inflation is currently governing the speed at which the economy can grow." But Clinton tried to put the best possible political spin on the increase. During a scheduled exchange with reporters late last week while on a morning jog, he stated that "there's good growth with no inflation." He added: "The economy's on the rise, so let it rise."

However, given the decline of the Canadian dollar on currency markets even after the bank rate jump, the only thing many Canadian consumers were betting so is another increase in mortgage rates this week. The advice from most real estate agents was predictable: As they sit whenever rates jump or decline suddenly, many realtors urged home buyers to buy now. "I think people recognize that this is a good opportunity to purchase property," said Frank Lozonac, vice-president and regional manager for services and credit options for Royal LePage. Lozonac added that even if last week's increase proves to be short-lived, "rates are pretty good right now, so why wait a year?" Other agents were more cautious. "We'll have another call period by September," said He/Mat's Thoren. "People should buy as quickly as possible."

Many bankers, however, were more measured. "Our economic forecasts show that this is a spike," said Norman MacLeod, corporate banking manager for four downtown Toronto branches of the Bank of Montreal. He told homeowners whose mortgages are up for renewal and not about to take a chance should consider taking out a six-month variable rate mortgage rather than locking into the now higher five-year rates announced last week. He said rates may have back down again in the next few months.

Other analysts went further removed from the turmoil that gripped real estate markets last week agreed that the prime is bound to subside. Information's McCracken argued that so long as inflation rates remain low and stable in Canada and the United States, there is absolutely no foreseeable reason why rates should continue to rise. His advice to prospective home buyers? "Relax," McCracken said. "Take a Valium."

JOHN DAILY with LAURE PASTER in Ottawa and CAROL MCGILLIVRAY in Washington



SMIRNOFF

There's vodka. And then there's Smirnoff.





Atlantic premiers John Savage (Nfld), Catherine Gallheck, Clyde Wells, Frank McKenna talking Ottawa to take over regulation of the securities industry.

## Trading places

*A national securities commission takes shape*

In the arcane world of securities regulation, Canada has an odd, though not inefficient, system. Each province has its own securities act, although none have agreed to similar or identical legislation. As a result of this fractured but cooperative approach, the Canadian securities market has developed some unusual quirks. Under the terms of an agreement with the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington, for example, a company may sell shares in Ontario and throughout the United States simply by having the Ontario Securities Commission approve its prospectus—an official document that discloses detailed financial information about a company to potential investors before the sale of new shares. It's however, it seems to sell shares in other provinces, it must seek the approval of the securities commissions in each one.

The Canadian system also sticks out at international meetings of securities regulators. Said Charles Clark, president of the Investment Dealers Association of Canada (IDA) "It always had a stigma that around the table at those meetings there are the boys of the nations of the world—and Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia."

But that typically Canadian argument may soon end. Meridian has learned that the federal and provincial governments are now discussing the creation of a national securities commission that would replace the existing provincial bodies. According to its

proponents, the proposed commission would increase efficiency and consolidate the regulation of most of the financial services industry under the federal government, which already regulates banking and insurance. In Ottawa, a senior finance department official, who spoke on condition of anonymity, confirmed that the department is pursuing the issue at the request of the four Atlantic premiers. They wrote a letter to Prime Minister Jean Chrétien in November asking for the creation of a national commission as a cost saving measure. "We are looking into the pros and cons of creating a national securities commission," he said. Although government officials downplay the degree of agreement that has been reached so far, some industry observers claim to the discussion believe that an agreement on principles among as many as eight provinces could be reached as soon as the end of April.

The initiative, which got a boost at the last meeting of first ministers in December, appears to have at least some support from provinces with the exception of Quebec and one other unidentified province. Ottawa, where about 70 per cent of the securities activity in Canada takes place, has indicated that it would consider turning over its securities responsibilities to Ottawa, Premier Bob Rae told Meridian's last week. "Ontario would be willing to consider federal regulation of securities under a couple of conditions that other provinces are also interested in taking

about it, and depending on what other issues are on the table with the federal government."

Since January, federal officials have met with officials in all the provinces, ending in mid-March with Ontario. They intend to draft a memorandum of understanding calling for discussions to begin on the form that a national commission would take. That memorandum will be circulated in the provinces in April. If enough provinces agree, talks will continue.

The move to a single securities commission—which is driven in part by the governments' need for greater efficiency and the push to bring down interprovincial trade barriers—is coming in an industry that actually faces a problem for provincial governments. The Ontario Securities Commission, for one, which has 230 employees, spent \$50 million in 2002 while generating revenues for the province of \$30 million from fees and fines.

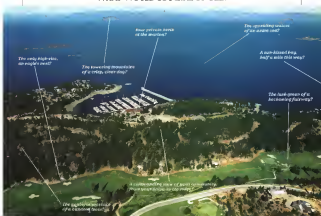
The investment industry cautiously welcomes the push for a national securities commission. "Our position is that unless the provinces unite the field, the federal government shouldn't get in," said this president CIBC. "If they do get an agreement, it would be a good thing. It would make securities regulation a little less costly and a little more timely."

However, British Columbia, which has used its jurisdiction over securities law to create a thriving stock market, first claims to speculative junior companies, is less supportive. Finance Minister Elizabeth Cull says that her province does not endorse the proposal put forward by Ontario because it would result in a more complicated regulatory arrangement. For instance, she said, the federal proposal calls for regional offices, staffed with personnel from the existing commissions. "We'd lose local control," said Cull, "and we wouldn't save any money." Ontario shares B.C.'s reservations about the need to streamline the system. "We are seriously stressed," said Beth Adelson, director of financial services policy with Ontario's ministry of finance. "To do more from one structure to another we have to be assured that there is added value, greater efficiency."

At the same time, several government officials and observers admit that the need is a delicate issue and could be denied by pressure from a number of special-interest groups. Said Adelson: "It's a sensitive issue because it's important to the economy and it has a lot of interconnected interests. It's a very Canadian issue, as Canadian as you can get." Despite the obstacles, Canada has never been closer to a time when the Maple Leaf could stand proudly before a gathering of international securities regulators.

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BUSINESS

## The gain from pain

Spring in Canada has certain distinctive tastes and rhythms. Along with the appearance of in-door tulip shoots and hopeful robins, there is an annual migration of credit analysts from New York City and Toronto who swoop across Canada to review the budgets released by Ottawa and various provinces. These needs of pay them decide whether to downgrade government debt ratings outright or merely to withhold from the trottoirs. We all cover—wrenched and aghast—beneath their stern gaze. The Canadian dollar shudders on world markets; interest rates pop up temporarily. And life goes on.

Still, this spring is somewhat special because for the first time in four years the show finally extends to the domestic economy. No matter how demoralizing the deficit or how determined Canadian may be to avoid optimism, economic barometers are on the rise. Granted, recovery may be hard to spot: the recession swept through the Canadian economy like a forest fire and as the smoke clears, the charred landscapes are frequently forbidding and unrelenting. Still, it is impossible to ignore the new growth and to capitulate so the opportunities brought about by the configuration.

Start with the discipline of the deficit. The recession-induced slump in government revenues and the concurrent increase in demand for social services sharpened the scrutiny of public spending and launched a determined and often heated debate about the ending role of government. It is also forcing Canadians to focus very precisely on their collective and individual priorities while demanding government support in providing companies to become more entrepreneurial and independent and less prone to clutch the apron strings of oligarchic subsidies. Above all, the recession provided a much-needed crash course in basic macroeconomics to a nation that has traditionally enjoyed the luxury of benign indifference to such topics.

The same pressure to set priorities and establish a narrower focus has been noted in the corporate sector. To survive the dire days of the past four years, companies have had to reassess the way they do the things they do. That has led to an increased

## THE BOTTOM LINE

BY DEBORAH MCNURDY

ing emphasis on productivity and streamlined operations and it has also ended the bottom with "vertical integration." According to pre-recession dogma, a company controlled costs and achieved "savings" by

owning businesses that related peripherally to its core operation. Now, anything that is deemed to be non-core is a leading candidate for disposal or "outsourcing."

A healthy skepticism of the new low-cost corporate model is a refreshing notion about labor management relations. After several hours of pointless squabbling on the edge of the abyss, the two sides now appear to comprehend that they have an array of shared interests—including survival in a turbulent global marketplace. The challenge is to foster a spirit of cooperation and mutual benefit since the crust has passed and corporate profitability is renewed.

Yet another positive result of the recession is that the era of the sheep may be over. Through much of the 1980s, Canadians looked on in silent alarm while a handful of corporate control freaks tightened their grasp on an increasing array of companies. Conchillwood, Edgar Bronfman and disreputable family interests amassed sprawling real estate empires and stock portfolios that included control of such broad-based entities as John Labatt Ltd., MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., Gold Canada Resources Ltd. and Alkermis-Pro Inc. But that's all over now. What might be delicately described as "strategic reversals of fortune" forced the return of those control blocks to public markets. Still, the demise of big individualism, dramatic share price plummeting and the demise of the once-revered Royal Trust Co. has been done. Maybe not race bankers, capitalists and investors will ask a few more pointed questions.

But perhaps the most dramatic change to the landscape over the course of the recession has been the emergence of new trade. Most and the simultaneous path to establish the rules for liberalized international trade. For Canada's economic recovery to blossom fully, there must be no backward slide to the cover days of the isolationist, protectionist policies. And the emerging prosperity might even give us something to brag about.



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### AN ISSUE OF IMPORT

Statistics Canada reported that imports declined in January for the first time in six months. On an unadjusted basis, Canada's imports of goods fell from a record \$15.3 billion in December to \$14.6 billion. Exports also declined slightly from \$15.0 billion to \$15.6 billion. That left Canada with an \$870-million merchandise trade surplus of exports over imports, up from \$241 million in December. Analysts attributed the decline partly to the low Canadian dollar, which makes imported goods relatively expensive.

### A YEN FOR CANADA

Foreign investors increased their holdings of Canadian securities by \$6.6 billion in January, their highest stake in the country in four months, according to Statistics Canada. Of the total, \$3.3 billion was for Canadian bonds, \$1.4 billion in money-market paper and \$1.1 billion in stocks.

### TOUGH CAISSE

Canada's largest pension fund manager, the Montreal-based Caisse de dépôt et placement du Québec, said it plans to take a more active role in the management of companies in which it invests. The caisse controls \$41.3 billion and currently holds significant stakes in 290 Canadian corporations. Jean-Charles Delorme, chief executive of the caisse, said the fund will work behind the scenes to develop a "constructive relationship" with underperforming companies.

### SAVAGE TARGET

New South Premier John Savage has targeted South Korea as his province's strategic trade partner in Asia. During an eight-day visit to Korea to explore possible joint ventures, Savage said he hopes to attract Korean investment in Nova Scotia's telecommunications, environmental and timber industries. In Canada, meanwhile, the Korean automaker Hyundai Motor Co. has mobilized its assembly plant in Bromont, Que., laying off 640 workers. Consolidation of the plant was foreshadowed by \$48 million in direct grants from Ottawa and Quebec.

### RAIL FOR SALE

CP Rail System has applied for \$13.5 million in compensation from the federal government to cover 1893 losses on its only rail link in Atlantic Canada. The railway has applied to Ottawa for permission to abandon and sell the line, which runs from Sherbrooke, Que., to Saint John, N.B., after five year. Railways are entitled to apply for compensation to cover losses.

# Business NOTES

## B.C.'s delicate balance

The government of British Columbia, Canada's financially best-endowed province, introduced a budget that tames growth, sales and corporate taxes, maintains key services and delivers a tax package to reduce the deficit from \$1.3 billion in 1993-1994 to an estimated \$808 million in this fiscal year.

Overall, B.C.'s spending will increase by 3.5 per cent—the same amount as the projected rate of economic growth for the province—to \$19.6 billion in its 1994-1995. It is the most restrained increase in provincial spending in nine years and it is well below the projected 5.9-percent increase in B.C.'s revenues in 1994-1995. Revenues are expected to climb to about \$13.7 billion over the next fiscal year. This year, about 23 per cent more will be spent on health care and an additional 3.6 per cent on education. An other \$1 billion has been ex-

marked for capital projects such as public transit, hospitals and highways. The province has also announced the sale of the \$700-million B.C. Endowment Fund, which was set up by the B.C. government as a vehicle for government investment in bonds and equities.

The budget rolled back a controversial sales tax on used-car trade-ins for new car buyers. Also, the property transfer tax for first-time home buyers was eliminated for houses costing up to \$200,000 in southwestern British Columbia. \$200,000. Meanwhile, Finance Minister Elizabeth Cull also introduced several new revenue-generating measures, including increased marriage, fishing and boating licence fees, which are expected to generate an additional \$25 million. Cull said the budget was the first of three that will reduce B.C.'s deficit. She said the province's deficit would be eliminated altogether by 1995.



Cull: tax fees

## Troubles for Trizec

Senior management at financially troubled Trizec Corp. Ltd. in Calgary are scrambling to prevent secured creditors from seizing control of the real estate development company. A committee representing debenture holders is demanding immediate payment of \$1.2 billion in principal and another \$50 million in interest. The group, which represents the only Trizec stakeholders whose debts are secured, has been in a position to act against Trizec since last October when it defaulted on a \$24-million debenture. The company embarked on a \$6-billion debt restructuring initiative last August.

The creditor group now proposes to take over Trizec from the Toronto-based Edgar Bronckm Group and to continue to operate the company. However, an Alberta court has given Trizec and March 31 to come up with a new offer for the creditors. By that date, company management hopes to have a \$600-million injection of cash from an unidentified outside investor on place.

Trizec reported a loss of \$3.4 million for the three months ended Jan. 31. That compares

with a profit of \$0.4 million in the same period last year. Rental income for the quarter fell from \$322.4 million to \$309.3 and the company incurred a loss of \$3 million related to the California earthquake last January.

## Star warriors

Two U.S. billionaires, Bill Gates of Microsoft Corp. and Craig McCaw of McCaw Cellular Communications Inc., have joined forces in a \$12-billion sale of the network project. The venture is intended to create an electronic web of voice and data communications linked by a network of 648 mobile satellites by 2000. That network would transport such information as telephone calls, high-resolution computer images and two-way video conferences around the world.

To develop the network, Gates and McCaw have formed a new company, TeleAsia Corp., and they each own a 30-percent stake in it. McCaw Cellular, which is in the process of being acquired by American Telephone and Telegraph Co. for \$17 billion, owns a 28-per-cent interest in TeleAsia.





# The myth of the competitiveness cure

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

One of the few articles of faith about this country's economic future is that what we need to do, done all day, is become more competitive. Asked over the end of his term about his personal goal for Canada, Brian Mulroney unhesitatingly declared "To make Canada more competitive." Jean Chretien has preached a similar sermon and in their Red Book, the Liberal think tank came down hard in favor of creating a society that recognizes "that we are competing as a team against our international competitors."

Such lofty clichés have been useful because they ring true, not just for Canada but for all free-market economies—and especially those in dependent on exports to ours. According to that rising theory, Canada could thrive only by successfully competing with other countries in our main export categories. The idea is that there is no conflict spectrum of opportunities out there, and if we look into other people's domestic markets all our problems will be solved. Of course, reports do help reduce our unemployment levels and by earning foreign currency they allow us to buy the imports we either need or want that some of our economists and many of our politicians have raised competitiveness almost into a theology, as if nothing else existed.

That superficially comforting approach has now been challenged by Paul Krugman, an academic who from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, was once named back in our politician's trifling *Prophesying Prosperity: Economic Sense and Nonsense in the Age of Diminished Expectations*. In a recent article, "Competitiveness: A Dangerous Obsession," published in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*, the prominent quarterly publication on international relations, the good professor takes on the prevailing conventional wisdom that countries are like huge companies that compete with each other for sales and customers. He labels

*By blaming our poor economic performance on a vague concept, politicians avoid dealing with the real issues*

as "deeply misleading" the simplistic notion that countries can be compared to such corporate colossuses as Coca-Cola and Procter and Gamble after the same model of thirty years ago. Writes Krugman: "The idea that a country's economic fortunes are largely determined by its success on world markets is a hypothesis, not a necessary truth, and as a practical, empirical matter, that hypothesis is badly wrong. That is, it is simply not the case that the world's leading nations are in any important degree in economic competition with each other, or that any of their major economic problems can be attributed to failures to compete on world markets."

Krugman compares the use by politicians of the competition bogeyman to the American military man who exaggerated fear of the Soviet Union in the Cold War days to justify overblown military spending. "Most people," he complains, "who use the term 'competitive' do so without a second thought. It seems obvious to them that the analogy between a country and a corporation is inescapable and that to ask whether the United States is competitive to the world market is no different in principle from asking whether General Motors is competitive in the minivan market."

But, he points out—unless countries—have better ideas, and an efficient company can go that while a country can't really go out of business. The fact that most of a country's output is for its own use means that living standards and other key economic indicators are determined by domestic factors, rather than by international competitiveness.

The article further points out that when Coke and Procter compete, only a negligible fraction of Coca-Cola's sales go to Procter's employees, and vice versa. But when countries compete, they can still lose another's export markets in several categories, so that if one country does well it doesn't necessarily do so at the expense of the other. Despite the global world we inhabit, economies do act on their own, and the consequences of their actions are largely domestic. "International trade," Krugman says, "is not a zero-sum game. When productivity rises in Japan, for example, that may result in a rise in Japanese real wages. Americans or Europeans may see, as a principle at least, as likely to rise as well, and in practice seem to be virtually unaffected."

Krugman's thesis is difficult to grasp, but it's important because it exposes the false premise on which most Canadian politicians operate. By blaming our lagging economic performance on a concept as vague and uncontrollable as international competitiveness, they can avoid getting to the root of the matter, which involves such gut issues as increasing the safety net, sponsoring appropriate schooling and the wilderness of Canada's workers have to believe that life's ultimate virtue is a hard day's work well done. "Most of those who have preached the doctrine of competitiveness," Krugman warns, "want their country to win the global trade game. It's despite its best efforts, a country does not seem to be winning, or losing confidence, then the competitive dogma inevitably suggests the closing of borders." In other words, old-fashioned protectionism.

"Perhaps, the most serious risk of the obsession," Krugman writes, "is its subtle indirect effect on the quality of economic discussion and policy-making." We can see this process in action in the single-minded claims by U.S. Trade Representative Mickey Kantor that Japan's bilateral trade surplus was costing the United States millions of jobs. President Bill Clinton seems to have fallen into a similar trap by stressing the creation of high-wage jobs instead of potentially much more long-term employment gains that could result from specialization.

Krugman concludes with this telling citation of "Competitiveness is a meaningless word that is used to describe a policy of economic discussion with competitiveness in both wrong and dangerous."

The argument is a subtle one, but the message is clear. Next time a Canadian politician puts on that expensive, all-leather look and blathers the country—or the government's—difficulties on foreign competitiveness, look him in the eye and tell him to look his patients instead of distant debts. It's not competitiveness, stupid!

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# tered states

He deduced fluency, discerning her riffs by the slow Emma Williams, always and wearing linked phrases, always in her clasp at the one feeling buried," she explains, the tip top of her own disordered cast, as tremors of herself? The offending root can be the Williams must—showing a glint of the night states: "Love it," she orders "I'll just

**LIFE**

her first book, *Nobody Knows*, appeared in 1992 and, along with the writing of other highly able individuals with autism, helped to shed new light on a mysterious disorder that affects about one in every thousand people. "We finally have a group that can tell us what it's all about," says Margaret Whalen, executive director of the Geneva Center, an autism treatment and research agency in Toronto. First identified in the 1940s, autism is defined chiefly by its symptoms: difficulties in communication, social interaction and behavior. Its root causes remain unclear and it is sometimes compounded by other mental disorders. As well, capabilities can vary enormously: for instance, some autistic do not talk at all, while others are highly articulate and have remarkable abilities, like the encyclopedic memory of the autistic character portrayed by Dustin Hoffman in the 1980 movie *Rain Man*.

Williams insists that she speaks only for herself. But she has learned how neurodiversity operates in the world and can offer a compelling explanation of how her experiences differ. Although she can hear, she sometimes has difficulty processing verbal information. If people talk too fast, or if she is otherwise distracted, she writes in *Somebody*

she suffers from autism, really an extension of herself. Her disordered, possibly, it's just a compulsion—the product of that makes it difficult for her to process in stand the chaotic world that bounces her her she is (intensely determined to overcome the world with its capital letters at the conclusion and back, *Somebody Somebody*. "I WILL CON

ENTRATED ME.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

[illegible][illegible]

difficult to perceive. "Being smart and talented, being someone other than yourself," the woman, is simply too addictive when being selfish is so difficult and so unacceptably expensive.

Admittedly, the woman does not know herself; she had difficulty perceiving the outer world as well as her own inner one. She claims that she usually did not experience boredom in response to specific events, although occasionally unendowed, stored-up emotions would flood over her; overwhelming her reason and leaving her tired at the end of the day. She was not able to experience the world as close proximity to objects—something that terrified her. She writes negatively of the first time she descended up the concrete to touch a house-waiter's hand, how she went out unreasonably, and how she "illuminally failed" for the first time for her self but at her own expense in the same address. "This hearing for me and for all of us," she writes.

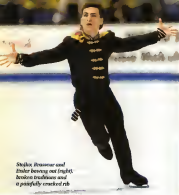
When the subject writes, it may mean that the method works for only some subcategory of activities. Since *Admiration* Parry, a psychiatrist at the Thelma and Augustus Center for children's mental health, has been studying the subject of the child's self, she has been recently working with Parry, in studying 20 male children using PC. They have found that at least some of the taste, some of the children are communicating themselves. But these same children seem able to communicate equally well independent of a specific subject. The children are able to communicate with PC, but have nevertheless succeeded in being able to benefit the children using PC tend to have improved activities plans and appear more motivated to communicate—perhaps, says Parry, because the facilitators believe in their abilities and spend more time with them. In the cognitive world of autism, PC is, so far, not effective.

Williams does not believe in overnight cures, she says, as she sits in the lobby at her publisher's offices in Toronto. Fighting autism has been a long, hard battle that she continues to wage. Since she dis-

M.N.

MACLEAN'S/APRIL 4, 1994 49



**SPORTS**

## Hail to the king

## Elvis Stojko turns innovation into gold

**B**rian Crater and the triple Axel, the precision on ice. Kurt Browning and the quadruple toe-loop, the water showman atop the Biege rotation. And now Elena Sirotko, introducing a black-leather and silvered-silk, techno-pop and martial arts, Oh Canada, another world-class skating champion, another daring innovator. "We are a force to be reckoned with," declared an exultant Sirotko the morning after capturing the men's title last week in Chiba, Japan—the sixth time a Canadian has won the crown to just eight years. The 22-year-old from Richmond Hill, Ont., took gold with the once-unthinkable jump to routine that was his schtick at February's L'Espresso Cup in Montreal. "I was nervous," Sirotko says. "The opened the door for younger skaters to come on and do their own thing."

While Stogler was opening doors, other Canadians were closing them—with a bang. Lloyd Fisher, 30, and Isabelle Benoit, 23—the latter skating with a cracked rib—con-

At the woman's event, Justice Chénier said, 10 tell three times in her long program to tangle from media contention to a disappointing FBI, but she hinted she might continue her amateur career: "I still love singing," she said and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." She also sang "I'm Yours" by Justin Bieber, and "I'm Yours" by Justin Bieber, and "I'm Yours" by Justin Bieber.

in China, for a change, the drama was mostly on the use. Would the Brazilian and

was an intense pro during the lockdown routine, and the 1983 world champions talked about withdrawing from competition—even after their long program had begun. Eisler said afterward that he noticed Broosner grinning during a split triple-toe move. “I asked her, ‘Do you want to stop?’” he recalled. “She said, ‘No,’ and from then on I knew we’d get to the end.” It was a fitting closeness to a successful amateur career. “Ten years down the road,” said Eisler, “when the medals are collecting dust on a box, we’ll be able to say, ‘Hey, we didn’t give up. We never quit.’”

Stefan's career is a tale taking off both north and south: musical Philippe Chatrier of France are pushing the otherwise dormant ballet south into new territory, and their story could define the next years before the 2004 Games in Nagano, Japan. It might flip the script on the Olympics, which have always been a showcase for the world's elite skis. Canada's "discovery" there is bronze medalist Vlastislav Zagarodnikov of Ukraine, and Russia's Andrei Ushakov, who came fourth in Japan after missing Lillehammer gold. And another Canada could figure in at Sebastian Bruns' 23, finished eighth in his first world championship. For now, though, the stage belongs to Skolen, the little village, mortal-as-crypts deeply determined to live on its own way. Not that kind of hockey, but an only slightly different one. "It's not like we're a lot of different, but it is something different," he said. "I consider myself a character." But then, an Olympic skis, unknown in a Canadian tradition.

MURRY NIMMETH and DON ELLCIE in Charge

## SPORTS

## The athletic Empire

### Victoria prepares for the 15th Commonwealth Games

The bowling greens are ready. The first squares of Creeping Bent Franscoso grass, 120 feet a side, are clipped and rolled to a level perfection as smooth as any pool table. This is important: no other facility will get as much use when 1,200 athletes descend upon Victoria last summer for the 15th Commonwealth Games. Nearby is a new open-air concrete cycling velodrome, just up the hill in the refurbished building where

seawalls will grow and drain. But in case of the aquatic leeches of the former British raj, only the four squares of the bowling greens will be needed on every day that the Games run between Aug. 18 and 28. Guiding a visitor past the white-picket fence that surrounds the greens, public relations official Andy Hart explains: "If you go to some Commonwealth countries, this is like the NBA."

That is no more startling than the dumbity of the Games themselves. Since it began—in the British Empire Games in Hamilton, Ont., in 1898—the quadrennial event has proven surprisingly resilient. The old Empire may be reduced to a shivering collection of islands, but with an audience of 60 of the 67 Commonwealth nations—possibly including a rehabilitated South Africa—expected to send athletes to Victoria, the 1994 Games will rival the Lillehammer Winter Olympics in scale. And TV broadcasters will beam the competition to an impressive 300 million people worldwide. "In Australia," says Games media director Heller, "the Commonwealth Games are the Olympics by about 25 per cent in viewership."

Edward—will read the message to the 46 seeded athletes.

These athletes will include top-ranked performers in several of the 13 sports included in the Games. Eightfolders Lashell Christie, runner Olympic gold medalist and world champion in the 100m dash, will defend his title as the world's fastest man against Canada's Bruce Sarna and others at the Waterloo University of Victoria stadium, temporarily expanded to seat 40,000 spectators. World-class

For the 300,000 residents of the B.C. capital region, however, there is more at stake than celebrating tradition and fair play. Hosting the Games is a \$210-million undertaking—\$93 million from Ottawa, \$84 million from the province, \$42 million from corporations, \$7 million from ticket sales and \$3 million from area municipalities. In return, host cities will, of course, receive the most coveted prize of all: 15,000 more vacationers in British Columbia around the dates of the Games, bringing half a billion dollars to Vancouver (ibid.).

The head of Victoria's regional landscaping commission is looking for even more: Is a groove that suits Canada's most British—and most gardening mad—city, architect Pamela Charlesworth is urging her neighbors to plant red geraniums, white petunias and blue lobelia, or any of more than 50 other



Charleworth House is one of history's largest floor coverings

competition will also surface in the gleaming new swimming and diving complex built for the Games in Saanich, just north of Victoria.

While the overall culture at Olympic centers is undoubtedly safer, Canadian youth Games organizers are quick to assert the charms of their event. "The Olympics," insists Heller, "are very much a one-track party. Faster, Higher, Stronger and take the word out and shoot them in the Concommercials Games, there is no superpower that bugs the knighthood." Adds Heller, "It's nice to be part of a group where you count, it's instead of a little." Consistent with this ethic of friendly competition, organizers will not keep a solemnly national mood; count the emphasis is on individual achievements. And for the first time in a major world event, 130 disabled athletes from 11 countries will join their national teams and compete in three sports—swimming,

recommended varieties of flowers and shrubs that blossom in the colors of the Commonwealth flag. "There is a whole palette out there," she estimates. With the help of 16 local horticultural societies, Chardsworth also hopes to assemble history's largest flower arrangement out for brass: Richard's landmark Empress Hotel, where 4 o'clock still signals the service of afternoon tea.

Those fiscal realities provide a whimsical counterpart to the more earnest echoes of British tradition that mark the Commonwealth Games. But it is neither dabbles nor delphians that will keep this holdover from the days of the Empire rolling smoothly in Victoria this summer. It is Creeping Bent Penicillium grass, tirelessly manicured into four perfect squares. Pass the crumpets, please.

CHRIS WOOD is Editor







## PEOPLE

# Hollywood stories

After a 28-year film career, Victoria Abril says that "it's very difficult to find something different." But the Spanish actress, best known for her roles in *Pedro Almodóvar's The Man of the House* (1990) and *High Heels* (1991), found several things different while filming her first Hollywood movie, *Jimmy Hollywood*. In it, she plays the girlfriend of struggling actor Jimmy Nio, played by Joe Pesci. He rarely went out of character during filming, Abril says. "Joe Pesci I don't know—Jimmy Nio I know," she adds. "It's a very concentrated actor. But I need to go outside my character. Otherwise, I lose my perspective." Then there's the "frustrating" Hollywood practice of having actors wait while stand-ins take their places during technical setups. In Europe, she explains,



Abril: frusters, bodyguards and stand-ins

"you don't get bored because you don't have time—you keep busy." Other differences? "Too much time sitting in trailers—they make you feel very alone," she replies, then laughs. "And bodyguards. Never in my life have I had bodyguards."

## 'REALLY A DARLING'

I was one of those Oscar moments. 13-year-old Anna Paquin, clutching and struggling to catch her breath while accepting the Academy Award for best supporting actress last week. But those who could not get enough of the Winnipeg-born phenom in *The Piano*, in which she played the precocious daughter of a Scottish nurse (Bally Hunter), may have to wait a long time—for any more Paquins, who moved to Wellington, New Zealand, seven years ago with her parents, schoolteachers Brian and Wangwaka,



Hunter (left): Paquin, starlets too complicated the 13-year-old's life

and Mary, a New Zealander, has suggested that an acting career—at least as a child—is not in her future. Her uncle, Winnipeg physician Wayne Paquin, noted last week that the family found filming *The Piano* "quite disruptive to her life." And the movie's success has only complicated matters. "I think that her parents thought it would be just this nice art film that would run in a theatre for a week or so and then that would be that," he said. "I don't think they had any idea that it was going to be such a big deal." As for the man of her family back in Winnipeg, the March 23 awards ceremony was cause for celebration—with Anna's grandmother, Agnes Tuckwell, and son, crowding around the TV set. "When we saw that she had won, we just exploded," recalled Paquin. "Anna is just such a sweet, experienced kid—she's really a darling." The Academy, clearly, agrees.

## THE BEST YEARS

At 75, Doug How has never been busier—far more occupied. The St. Andrews, N.B.-based former tin snare player at R. C. Irving, R. C., is up for the April 5 National Business Book Award. And his first novel, the autobiographical story *Blow Up the Trumpet in the New House* (made the shortlist for the 1993 Sealabooks/Books in Canada First Novel Award). How began the novel after his wife, Jean, died in 1987 of cancer—a disease that he has successfully battled himself. "It was a celebration of life, of having survived," he says. Although his first stab at fiction last set out last week to Deborah Joy Covey's *Living Father*, How is keeping at it—he has already written his next novel. "Without question," he says, "these are the most creative years of my life."



How: 'celebration of life'

## Woman of mystery

Dumped last month by Hamilton-born Washington Redskins owner Jack Kent Cooke and now fighting a U.S. deportation order based on her 1986 conviction for cocaine trafficking, Deloris Marlene Chalker has been the talk of Washington lately—perhaps for all the wrong reasons. In letters gathered by her lawyers, her former and former federal prosecutors claim that Chalker acted in the late 1980s as an attorney, helping to convict dozens of drug traffickers. And her ongoing legal proceedings may have cleared up another mystery: court records last fall say, previously something only she seemed to know, as 41



Chalker: a heroine in the war on drugs?

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# Remains of the night

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

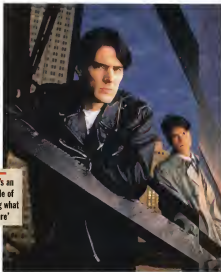
**T**he movie is set in an urban wasteland where anonymity of any kind is a threat. Sex is a blood sport, love is suspect. The city is a night world of concrete and cold space where "hookers hang out on freeway ramps. In a highway, a dominatrix with a black mask and a whip puts a client through his paces. In a secluded corner of a nightclub, two men share superheated sex after one of them says that sex isn't worth dying for is not worth having. And out in the street, a serial killer picks young women out of the shadows, keeping their corpses as souvenirs. That is just the background for *Love and Human Remains*, a new movie by Quebec director Gilles Breault. In the foreground is a black comedy about a gay man and a straight woman who share an apartment—and who are both looking for Mr. Right to rescue them.

Accord's stretch feature film, *Love and Human Remains* marks a departure in more ways than one. Not only is it his first English-language movie, it is also the first feature that he has directed from a script he did not write. Educated dramatist René Fassin adapted the film from his own 1980 hit play, *Underworld Human Remains*, and the *True Nature of Love*. With its punk-beatnik and heterosexual bravado, Fassin's material is far removed from the convoluted satire and mid-life drama of Accord's previous two films, *Decline of the American Empire* (1986) and *Jaws of Montreal* (1988).

In *Love and Human Remains*, the 35-year-old director portrays a generation half his age. And for the cast, who brings a cerebral wit and unaffected rage to everything he does, Fassin's script offered a challenge. "It's not very traditionally written, and it's not in control," the director told *Midweek*. "It's his guy's first achieved play, and everything has come out of him at the same time. The writing is messy, but what the hell. I wanted to respect that. There's something very dirty, very strange, very modern in this play that speaks to people."

Accord saw it in 1981 in its opening night at Montreal. "It was the first thing I'd seen and in English Canada that was speaking to me," he said. "The play has an in-your-face attitude to it. It's sort of making questions a problem, or *even* a problem, it's just there. There's an attitude of flaunting what you are. And even though I'm not gay, this attracted me." In the year that *Midweek* has finally edited the film down for wide distribution, Accord's movie offers a portrait of homosexuality that is much less sanitized, one that is not afraid to show everything each other serious love comes on the mouth.

Fassin's dark comedy is centered on a gay friendship between David (Thomas Gibson), a cynical actor turned writer, and Candy (Keith M. Smith), a book reviewer who shares an apartment with him. David, who is gay, has given up on acting, and an actor. Candy is a midlife man-



There's an attitude of flaunting what you are'

Gibson (left), Bancroft charms with an amusing suggestion of neurosis

tic, but she has trouble finding much to like about the men she meets or the books she reviews. Together, David and Candy enjoy an alien love-affair—they are lovers.

Various alienated characters drift in and out of their lives. David's best friend is Bernie (Christian Bascotto), a misogynist club owner who treats women as disposable playthings. "Where did everybody go?" David asks him. "Everybody we need to know. It's like how people just disappear!" David also has an intimate relationship with Bernice (Mia Kirshner), a psycho dominatrix. And he is being pursued by a 17-year-old named Kate (Matthew Peppas), a beauty on a confused quest for sexual entrance. Candy, meanwhile, drifts about getting involved with a tedious student, Jim (Josanne Vancil), who comes on

to her at the gym, and she wonders how far she can trust Robert (Rick Roberts), her latest drift choice as the search for a designated boyfriend.

In other words, there is a lot going on. Accord cuts from one scenario to another with clinical precision, creating a hyper-real rhythm similar to the one in *Barlowe of the Assassins* (English). He punctuates it with kaleidoscopic images of a television flicking through channels, and with so many cuts to an answering machine that it becomes a character in its own right. Meanwhile, shots of an increasingly grim urban landscape are dropped in like ominous hints.

Accord had originally hoped to shoot *Remains* in Edmonton. But when that proved impossible, the director reluctantly settled for his home ground of Montreal. "I had to find a way of making it Montreal as well as another North American city," he says. In fact, he has rendered it stereotypically alien, a barren desolation without a breath of French culture. The movie's opening shot shows a grey temple of desolation, the same shot that provided the closing shot for Accord's *Reserve Police* (1973)—a body being reborn in freeways and concrete. "These are important places," says Accord. "Over the past 30 years, they've changed completely everywhere. In places, the city can look like a concrete wasteland."

Within Accord's austere design, Fassin's script retains the disjointed quality of the play. The only characters who seem fully developed are David and Candy. Gibson, a classically trained Broadway actor, undercuts David's modest charm with an understated hint of neurosis. Marshall, a Toronto-born stage actress who makes her feature debut in *Remains*, plays Candy's neurotic dance to the surface in a wonderfully relaxed, easygoing performance.

But most of the other characters seem trapped in shorthand roles—the claustrophobic prostitute, the lawless leech, the naive manager. And the paucity of some scenes is offset, as the director says, by scenes that, from one bit of clever repetition to another. In the final scenes, domestic comedy and alienation are joined in a wink. David's off-kilter reaction to a scene forced. But the movie between Fassin's inspired wit and Accord's controlling intellect is intriguing, even when it doesn't quite work. Accord himself allows that it may not be a marriage made in heaven.

"Maybe it would have been better," he says, "if it had been done by a first-time filmmaker, someone who would have been a little more in touch with the subject itself. Whether I'm helping the material, I don't know. You never know until five or 10 years later when you can step back and analyze it." Modest philosophical and neurological material, Accord knows enough to let poetry reveal the last word. **C**



Sister (left) and Piss: an actor transformed into a vigilante

## Acting out in Hollywood

JIMMY HOLLYWOOD  
Directed by Barry Levinson

**T**he vigilante is one of Hollywood's derelict icons. From the right-on paragon dispensing justice in *Death Wish* to the feminist outlaw jostling through *Thelma & Louise*, ordinary people rise to glory by taking the law into their own hands and going bananas. But there is another kind of vigilante close to Hollywood's heart, the lone avenger who takes the movie into his own hands. In *Midnight* (1976), Peter Finch played a TV anchorman who screams "The real bad and I'm not going to take it any more." Robert De Niro, who portrayed the role of the psychotic vigilante in *Taxi Driver*, played the *Big* of the character for horror and pathos in *The God of Comedy*—an expert. A truly cerebral icon who impacts a last-night TV talk show. New director Barry Levinson, whose movies include *Back to the Future* and *Shogun*, has seen his own variation on the theme with *Jimmy Hollywood*, a tale that twists comedy about a man who tries to break into show business by force.

Joe Piss, looking incongruous with long blond hair, stars as Jimmy, an actor with some ambition, but no talent. He has worked the Hollywood dream while Jimmy runs wild down Hollywood Boulevard with his eyes shut, oblivious to the show that has infected it, and now the names on the stars under his feet. Convinced that he is destined to join their ranks, he buys a hairbrush advertisement with his picture on it and waits for the phone to ring.

But his career goes nowhere, and after a final attempt to get the actor's picture finally fails, he decides to create his own role, calling himself Jericho. He launches a personal campaign against crime. He videotapes perpetrators in the act, kidnaps them and sends TV-city commentators to the media. William (Christian Slater), a brain-damaged driver, serves as his accomplice. It should a comedy by the police. Jericho turns into a media hero, and Jimmy becomes consumed by the role of a lifetime.

Levinson wrote, produced and directed *Jimmy Hollywood* as a pot project with a modest budget. He is a social director. Piss is a true actor, and they bring the comedy bubbling along on a tide of well-observed wit. But unlike Scorsese's wonderfully cruel *The King of Comedy*, *Jimmy Hollywood* reaches its pot project and turns into the nonsense of its delusions.

While Piss grandstands, *Jimmy Hollywood* walks through his role as the dumb-bunny buddy, and Victoria Abril is wasted in an understated part as Jimmy's besotted girlfriend. *Jimmy Hollywood* is clever, but rarely credible. After a while, as undercurrent flicks seem gratingly derivative, William's stare-and-stutter headbanger Rhyll Rhyll, his vocal chords recede the more in Levinson's *Jimmy Hollywood*, and with a mention that Jimmy started out selling shagun salad, the director pays homage to his own *The New York Times* cartoonist. Between the director and his star, and between the star and his character, in the end, the film seems as blank as the Hollywood dream as its ill-observed hero.

B. D. J.





## Napoleon in love

NAPOLEON

Music by Timothy Williams  
Lyrics by Andrew Sabatino  
Directed by John Wood

The first  
Canadian-made  
mega-musical  
is hit-and-miss

Swearing oaths for one-weeks in Toronto rarely means much. Usually, the applause stops abruptly when the house lights go up, as if everyone had the sense of a duty and was eager to get home. But the reaction that greeted the world premiere of *Napoleon* last week was louder and warmer than most. To some degree, it seemed a patriotic salute to the first Canadian-made megamusical—a new rival for the likes of *Les Misérables* and *The Phantom of the Opera*. It was also a tribute to its two young creators. When composer Timothy Williams, 38, and writer Andrew Sabatino, 29, founded onstage to take their bows with the cast, they were enjoying the fruits of 12 years of work. The musical they had first set out to create as high-school students had spent all night, finally arrived in the big time.

Just how good is *Napoleon*? Cut the three-hour, \$4.5 million show hold its own with much more expensive productions like *Moulin Rouge* and *The Phantom*. "The quality never is, sometimes. The show holds the story and

conveys a lot of its major events. It stretches out through its 21 scenes like one of Napoleon's beleaguered supply trains, used by his faculty at Victoria's Victoria College. Like Napoleon on that venture, the musical has more ambition than reach. Some scenes are awkward and unconvincing, others are ingeniously well-managed. And Williams and Sabatino have written two or three songs that will likely outlive the musical.

*Napoleon* works best when it zeroes in on the love story between *Napoleon* (Jeremy Theobald) and Josephine (Ulrike Miewald). The young, awkward general falls in love with the elderly society woman and she agrees to marry him mostly for financial security. When he is away on campaign, she dallies with other lovers. But then she finds herself falling in love with Napoleon, a development celebrated in the show's first song, the thrilling duet *On that First Night*. Years later, *Napoleon* dances Josephine because she can't bear him on her. She eventually dies of grief. Later, the defeated general pledges himself to his lost love in another love song, *Forever Yours*.

Wherever it leaves the wars and battles

*Produce (left), Miewald (right) and Napoleon*

contours of that story, *Napoleon* seems at odds. The problem is one of scale: the historical *Napoleon* was a colossus who ruled vast all of Europe. He also created a new legal system, democratized French education and supported culture and architecture. In attempting to portray all that, the musical often falls at everything—and ends up with a production that lacks impact. Oddly, almost nothing of the real story of battle, or of Napoleon's genius as a commander, is really revealed. And even the attempt to focus on Napoleon's rise and fall—two powerful themes in the cold ambition of middle age—is curiously lacking in substance. Although the music treats mightily on the virtues of slowing over and over again—especially in the rousing song *Swear Victory*—the emotion is generated in a dramatic void. It is like being whisked into a frenzy by cheerleaders—such as these in sight.

The political shoddiness portrayed in the plot comes off some what better. Here the dramatic tension depends heavily on Talleyrand (Gary Krawford), Napoleon's chief adviser. He is a complete cynic, and with his black clothes, cane and guile, makes a steady, menacing bid for the almost saintly blind Napoleon. It is Talleyrand who suggests that Napoleon make himself Emperor, thereby setting up one of director John Wood's best-staged scenes. As the crown is about to be lowered onto Napoleon's head, the action freezes and Proton steps forward to reveal to the audience the secret of the inner voice that guides him.

Proton makes a powerful Napoleon. With his pale, prominent brow and blazing dark eyes, the young French actor bears an uncanny resemblance to the original. Leaving his head, he looks, he carries an explosive dynamite. And Miewald convincingly has her perform with her own subtle balance between sophistication and emotional vulnerability.

*Napoleon's* ensemble work is generally strong, and the costumes and sets meet the best international standards—with a few exceptions. When Napoleon's army crosses the Alps, the mountains are suggested by raising the back of the stage floor on hydraulic jacks. The whole scene is clumsy and unconvincing and made worse by the song the army sings. "If I should die in 10 years ago/we can die it again today." Between the boy-wot emotion of such lyrics and the posturing of *On that First Night* has a quality gap that *Napoleon* will have to overcome if it wants to realize the triumph of the little general who inspired it.

JOHN DEBORGE

## BOOKS

### The last best place

A FAMILY PLACE

By Charles Gaines  
(Random House of Canada, 156 pages, \$50)

When Charles Gaines walks into a room, his stride is as assured and deliberate as his *Alabama* crowd. Two years ago, he had both legs replaced—a sure sign that two

decades of chasing fame, money and adventure had finally caught up with him. Even if he could still run, Gaines says that he has lost the urge. "Life is always setting up these wonderful symbols," he explained over breakfast recently in a Halifax restaurant. "If I wasn't young, I wouldn't be at age 50 isn't something telling you that your life has gotten out of control. I don't know what it is. The story is obviously—especially to a man who has spent his life off chasing the physical world. But I guess lack of bitterness is it because his injury

Building a cabin gave a family a second chance

ledges and Amel Schwarzenegger, and his brother, *Freddie* (see page 100). Gaines was made into a 1978 movie with Jeff Bridges and Amel Schwarzenegger, and his brother, *Freddie* (see page 100). Gaines was made into a 1978 movie with Jeff Bridges and Amel Schwarzenegger, and his brother, *Freddie* (see page 100). Gaines was made into a 1978 movie with Jeff Bridges and Amel Schwarzenegger, and his brother, *Freddie* (see page 100).



Gaines: speaking to a modern analogy


couple had found their paradise in a remote cottage in Ireland in the 1960s. When their marriage almost collapsed in 1968—their headlong pursuit of fame and fortune had left them exhausted—they sought a place to build


# CONGRATULATIONS

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Speaking of success, congratulations to George R. Eaton, president of the T. Eaton Company, who is the recipient of the 1994 National Retail Federation's International Medal.



What Matters to Canadians



# My Maria died.

A TRUE STORY

When I arrived in the Philippines so many years ago, one of the first things I did was to fall in love. I was with Mac Mack and she loved to write a bright orange dress. She had big, big eyes that would always look to me, and when she smiled, oh how she would smile! She lived in one of those tropical bays on the shore, the ones you see in postcards — my Maria was only two years old.

One day, I was caught in one of those sudden tropical downpours and I ended up with a bad cold. I was fussed into the provincial hospital. After a week there, my cold went away (if I had stayed home, it would have taken even days), and I went down to find my lovely Maria.

But my Maria had died.  
She too had been caught in the same downpour. She too caught a cold. But when she was lying on her back in the corner, the wall I saw through the bamboo walls of the postcard tropical hut, and she caught pneumonia or something terrible, and there was no money for medicines and she wasn't strong enough to fight it. So while I waited in my hospital bed, my Maria was buried in her tropical island.

That was fifteen years ago. Today, I met another two year old who stole my heart, Maria. I met her in the maternity ward of the provincial hospital where she and her mother had been brought. You see, Plan International works with all the little children in our partner

families to make sure they're growing properly, and Maria was not. She was slowly starving because her father couldn't earn enough of a market price to support his wife and children (luckily that we found her in time, before she died). Not really. Plan International Philippines keeps a tab on over 15,000 little children every month of every year!

I went to see her and to see how PLAN was helping. The doctors were fine, but just the beginning. Maria's mother had been in the Nutrition Clinic we ran last month. We couldn't find work for her father, but we are teaching him how to raise goats for milk and income. And there's a toilet! Plan International's bathroom program is next month, and the fresh water project in their village by the end of the year, and a few other things too.

So, when I came home tonight, I couldn't help thinking about Maria and Maria. The differences between them were all that big. It's just that PLAN has been able to catch one more little girl, before she was wasted forever.

So, if anyone ever tells you that helping through PLAN doesn't matter too much, you just tell them that when you see above to do is making all the difference in the world. All the difference between Maria and Maria.  
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## PUBLISHING

their awards, and, Galtner writes, take on something "funky, complicated, big, and all sorts of screw-up at major work."

A Randy Fire is both pregnant and profoundly hopeful. It is not in the summer of 1987, when Charles, Patricia and their grown children Greta, Lathan and Shelly, begin to build a crib with their own hands and "buckle ourselves into recording but the feeling of my family's existence." As personal in the story, Galtner feels its themes are universal, and that it speaks to a modern reality. "The book strikes a chord with a lot of professionally driven North American men and women who had gone through the 1980s and wanted to find out what everything that was really important to them" he says.

The 1980s and 1990s were certainly wild years for Galtner. He and his family had returned to the United States from Ireland in the late 1980s. With the 1992 publication of *Stay Henry*, Galtner's "quiet, measured and considered life" took on a bittersweet quality. "It was a classic then-country-boy-meets-Hollywood syndrome," recalls the tall, ruggedly built writer. Before long, the family was found himself working closely at problems with Hollywood studios.

When a second novel, *Daughter*, failed critically and commercially in 1993, he returned to the writing and living that he learned to love from his father in Birmingham, Ala. Galtner joined the U.S. publishing world, and an advance agent company and founder of the National School of Art, in which playwrights and writers at each other with just plain people. But while he saved the globe, drugs at home began to shift and alter. When Patricia, who had become a natural stranger to her distant husband, asked for a divorce, Galtner saw that he could lose everything he valued.

Six years later, the old Hollywood-esque Galtner is barely recognizable. Thin, he still smells the world's best looking. He's still writing about it for reporters. But Patricia was gone along on most days. And he had turned away from the studio, driven away from his husband towards Robert Joly, San Remo and the other games of the world's most famous movement. Galtner, who is at 21 with an author's pen, remains satisfied by book reviews and others who write him of bringing the very voices and values he once embodied. "I spent the better half of my career being out of control as a machine man," he says. "There's a certain elegance in spending the latter half of a being categorized as exactly the opposite."

These days, the only label he really welcomes is family man. He and Patricia intend now to spend their winters in the American south and the rest of the year in San Francisco, where they are adding buildings to house their children and grandchildren. In New York, Galtner has found a new place where he can at last live in with his wife.

JOHN DONOHUE

## PUBLISHING

# The issues at stake

A writer goes, Roger Tossie might have known his world, but he's grateful. Last week, he and Patrick O'Callaghan, co-chairman of the task force on the Canadian magazine industry, released the results of a year-long study. Among its 11 recommendations, their 16-page report proposed a tough new tax measure designed to deter so-called splittable editions of foreign magazines in Canada.

On a split-run, a publisher imports new advertisements aimed at Canadian readers, and the rest of the magazine is reprinted from the original already prepared for another market. The report, titled "A Question of Balance," also recommended that split-run ads be distributed in Canada be allowed to operate at their 1993 levels. That would eliminate, except *Sports Illustrated* Canada—the split-run publication that prompted formation of the task force in the first place when Time Warner Inc. of New York City introduced it a year ago. Tossie, a former federal deputy justice minister, and he anticipated dissatisfaction with the suggested exemption. But, he added, he hoped that it would not make Canadians overlook the report's other recommendations.

It was a difficult request for many in the magazine industry to accept, even those who otherwise support the report for its solid research and sound conclusions. Former Toronto Life managing editor Lynn Cunningham, one of seven industry advisors to the task force, said the new "saturated and distorted" by the exemption proposal. If accepted by the government, it would allow *Sports Illustrated* to continue selling advertising in its split-run editions a year at deeply discounted rates. It can afford to sell its copies cheaply because it recovers the cost at least of an editorial staff in U.S. headquarters. Canadian publishers call it dumping and say it drives revenue from domestic publications. "Since there is a little pool of advertising dollars in this country," Cunningham said, "even the loss of *Sports Illustrated* can do a great deal of damage."

Magazine executives believe that the 1995-1996 Canadian magazine industry is in

## The government considers proposals to protect the Canadian magazine industry



### KEY RECOMMENDATIONS

- An excise tax on the printer or distributor of split-run editions equal to 50 per cent of the value of the advertising in them.
- A ceiling of 50 per cent on the value of the advertising in them.
- No increase in postal rates for Canadian post-circulation magazines.
- Federal and provincial governments should advertise in Canadian media.

equipped to absorb any recent body blows. The recent rise of the Goods and Services Tax (GST) and increased printing costs for post-circulation magazines have all taken their toll in recent years. O'Callaghan, former publisher of the *Windsor Star* and the *Edmonton Journal*, told reporters in Toronto that less than half of Canada's 1,460 magazines make a profit. Among those that do, only 24 per cent. Said O'Callaghan: "The industry is already precariously on a tightrope."

Canadian executives, however, tend to worry because they play a significant role in the country's cultural identity. O'Callaghan

said. Given that premise, the report went beyond the issue of split-run. It proposed other preferential measures that included halving the erosion of postal subsidies to avoid raising magazine's delivery costs, and ensuring any federal and provincial governments to place their advertising in Canadian media. It also recommended better enforcement and policing of tax provisions that prohibit Canadian companies from claiming deductions for ads placed in foreign publications. Said James Warrilow, president of Maclean's: "The industry made many practical suggestions that should benefit the magazine industry."

The *Sports Illustrated* controversy arose because of new technology that enabled the magazine's editors to prepare it in the United States, then beam it by satellite to a Canadian printing plant. In that way, it bypasses Canadian customs—and the threefold-advalorem regulations that otherwise restrict the importation of split-run publications from Canada. To clear that loophole, the report recommended changes to the Excise Tax Act. It calls for a new tax, equal to 50 per cent of the value of the advertising in an issue, to be levied against any new magazine that contains less than 50 per cent "original content."

The exemption would also spare the long-standing Canadian edition of Time. But the task force recommendations would affect *Sports Illustrated* Canada in another way. It plans to double its frequency from six to 12 issues this year, and to three new additional editions would be subject to the hefty new tax. Said Perry, Toronto-based representative of Time Warner, criticized the proposals but conceded that if they would become law, said Perry: "We do not believe our government will set on any recommendations that would amount to a confiscation of our business."

Heritage Minister Michel (upper part) and his of the government will proceed on the issue, saying that he would respond quickly that some industry leaders (lower part) expressed doubts about the Liberal's commitment to supporting Canadian cultural industries. Ottawa's approval of the sale of Galtner Publishing Canada Inc., an editorial publishing firm, to U.S. giant Perseus Publishing Co. in February, they say, sets a disturbing precedent. The government will have to juggle those concerns—and the sensitivities of a long trading partner to the north—when it deals with "A Question of Balance."

BARBARA WICKSTEN





# Parizeau: The life of the Parti

BY NORMAN WEBSTER

**T**here's going to be a Quebec election this year, and I'd like to vote for Jacques Parizeau. Ah, let me rephrase that: I'd like to have the option of voting for Parizeau and his Parti Quebecois.

There's something the man's talent. If he had stayed with the Bank of Canada, where he worked briefly as a young economist, he'd probably be its governor today. He was one of the young tigers who made things happen along Quebec City's Grande Allée in the 1960s and 1970s. And you have to warn, at least a bit, in a politician with such an impeccable English accent (he really does say "By Jove") and the Scottish blood of great-grandfather James Munro cranking in his veins. He looked almost uneventfully at home with the upper crust of Anglo society at last year's Andrew's Ball. He even kissed the ladies.

However...

There's this vice problem on the constitutional front. Jacques/Jack/Chuck Parizeau is a separatist. RPS men using the big-S word have their days.

What's more, he's nervous—and one of your informants like Irene Levesque, who by the end of his career had pretty well re-created himself to remaining Canadian Parizeau says that if elected premier, he will call a referendum on independence, perhaps within weeks. And if the answer isn't Yes, well the PQ will try again, and again in an infinity of referendums until Quebecers get it right. You can not say one limitation to vote Parizeau.

Decision time is fast approaching, since we may have a provincial election as early as June. Since taking over as premier in January, Daniel Johnson has been all straight talk and swift decisions—delivering what the British call the stomach of fine government—

*With Quebec's next election looming, voters are facing a tough choice between two candidates and two visions of the future*

and it has been wonders for the Liberals. The deal with Ottawa to slash tobacco taxes provides an illustrative example. At one level, it was an appalling act. Many young lives will be blighted by the smoking that results from lower cigarette prices.

At the same time, the action showed Ottawa-Quebec co-operation in action, and culminated in a developing hysteria in the province over smuggling, the black market, citizens lost to finance and Indian crime. Politically, dammit, it was a masterpiece.

The result of two months of furious activity is that the parties are neck and neck in the polls, with Johnson actually exceeding Parizeau in personal popularity. It's not enough, yet, to re-elect the Liberals—the PQ's lead among francophone voters would be based, should it occur, but suddenly a government that had been pronounced dead on its feet is kicking back.

What now? There are two scenarios. In Scenario A, until the most likely, the Parti Quebecois wins the election. Jacques Parizeau becomes premier and calls his referendum. This would be the Big One. No self-question on sovereignty/separatism, no promise of another vote to confirm things,

just Yes or No to independence, and if it's Yes, we're outta here.

There is something to be said for facing the issue now. The polls confirm what one feels in the tropic Quebecers, battered by the recession, their metropolis on its knees economically, are not in the mood for a quietist adventure. They would likely vote No, and in so doing, put the question back on the shelf for at least a decade, perhaps a generation and maybe even for good.

A No vote would let us all relax and get on with our lives. This could be the kind-of "status-quo" last chance, whatever Parizeau demands.

The downside is that they just might win. A PQ government in Quebec City could be counted on to create confrontations, poison wells and to make the numbers dance. Not would there be the Justin figure of Pierre Trudeau in Ottawa, ready to sweep down and smite the foe as he did so effectively in the 1980 referendum.

And, of course, more things can happen during a campaign, most of them bad. Just ask the Yon campers at 1980, who were on a roll until they got handcuffed by the province's Veritas 44 movement of federalist women urged to stay by PQ politicians. Anything that makes Quebecers feel they have been rejected by the rest of Canada—something as small and homebased as another Such Site. Worst: declaring itself self-governing—could bring back the old-time, before-alive feelings that swept Quebec in 1990 when the Mesch Lake accord went under.

So let's try Scenario B: re-elect Daniel Johnson's Liberals and render the possibility of a referendum for the immediate future.

There has its attraction. It would be a punch in the solar plexus of the anti-independence, who have been looking on an election win for nearly four years. It would let a federalist premier get on with the job of creating a sensible, solid reforms with Ottawa for the involvement of another Canadianized Quebecois and the rest of the country. In five years' time, with both men elected in second terms, the case for Canada could look stronger than ever.

There is one tiny worry: Lucien Bocharat, leader of the Bloc Quebecois. If Parizeau should lose this year's election, he will be damaged as leader of the PQ—and replaced, almost certainly, by the man who may be the most compelling politician in the hemisphere.

Dynamic, principled, broad-based, eloquent, Bocharat teaches something fundamental from the Parizeau, Johnson and Jean Chrétien men by a mile. He makes Quebecers feel their handbills: he points various of broad, solid uplifts, he ignites the blood and stirs the soul. Should he be the following provincial election and then call a referendum on independence, he would be a very dangerous opponent indeed.

In Quebec, as usual, everything is still to play for. Don't go away until we do.

*Norman Webster is a columnist for The Gazette and Le Devoir in Montreal.*



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